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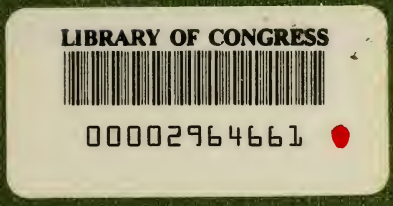

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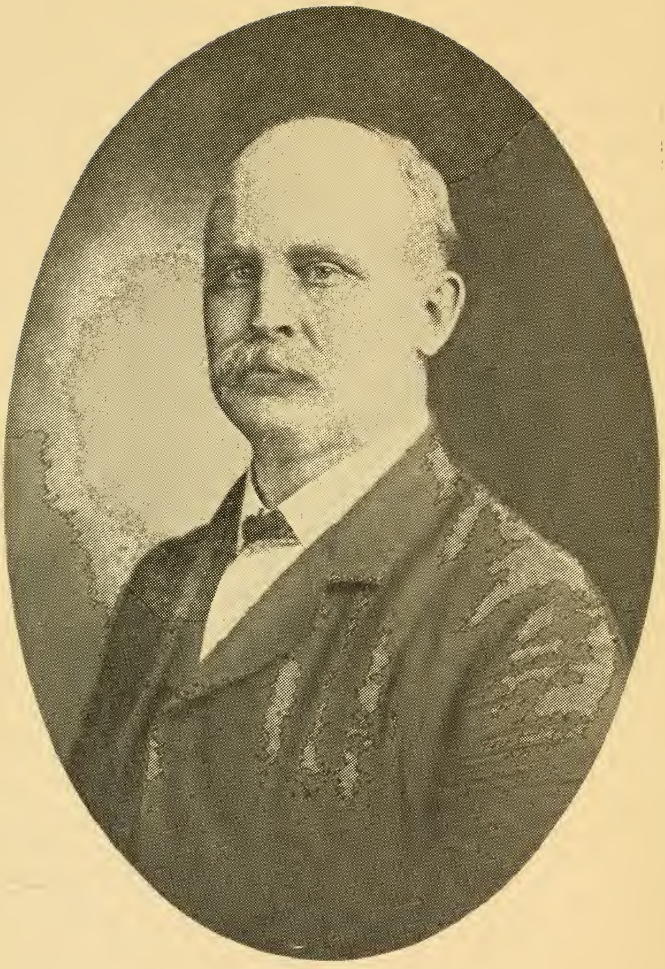

Sumner F. Claflin

VARIETY

From a Canvasser's Note Book

"Variety is the Spice of Life"

BY SUMNER F. CLAFLIN

MANCHESTER, N. H.

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MEMO

Legend :— Don't ask posterity to print the stuff you write—print it yourself !

The following unassorted bunch of verse and incident is taken mainly from the pages of a scrap book to which I have been constantly adding for thirty years.

I lay no claim to genius, but merely to industry, and print this collection largely to meet a genuine desire, often expressed, of my many good and true friends scattered over the hills and valleys of New Hampshire, where my humble life work has been done.

THE AUTHOR.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 1, 1905.

VARIETY

1. MY NATIVE HEATH

New Hampshire, how I love your rugged features! Your wild hills, your pleasant valleys, your ponds, lakes, rivers and brooks, the winding roads, the picturesque scenery, the nestling farm houses, the village homes, the busy cities of industrial activities, embowered in the midst of the richest of nature's wonderland. The weary mechanic has but a short walk from his machinery, with its noise and dust, to the freshest of God's pure air, the brightest of sunshine, the most entrancing scenery and the completest repose; where only the warble of birds, the hum of insects and the chatter of squirrels break the calm silence.

I have grown up among these green hills: I have wandered to every corner of this field of natural delights. My eye has lingered upon the winter mountains, with their white summits "cloud-crowned in the sun" and has drunk deep from the island-studded depths of fair Lake Winnipesaukee. The valleys of the Androscoggin, the Merrimack, the Connecticut, the Ammonousuc, the Ashuelot, the Saco, and the dozens of smaller rivers that course the state, are as familiar to my eyes as the school ground of the old red school house where I went to school when a boy.

The reaches of sand and shore that stretch along our Atlantic border where the great gray giant of fathomless waters alternately kisses the smiling strand and then beats upon it with all the fury of the wind-driven tempests. Me-

thinks I hear now the mournful tolling of the bell buoys off Portsmouth's well protected harbor swinging forever up and down, up and down, over the treacherous rocks, warning and beckoning. Now tipping easily with only the swell of the great deep rolling at the beck of the moon, and again, clanging in a tumultuous fury, as the great storm-swept waves wrench and tear at its solid moorings, as though to wrest the chains from their grip on the everlasting rocks.

Is there anywhere on the broad earth a fairer landscape, a purer air, more health-giving springs or a more hospitable people? Where are the forests more refreshing or the fields more inviting? Other lands have taller mountains, larger rivers, sandy, burning deserts, forests, infested with lurking foes, volcanoes, swamps and the ruins of past greatness to boast of; but should I wander to the ends of the earth, I would find but one New Hampshire and thither again would I return.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

2 AS GLIDE THE VESSELS OF TIME

Into the realm of the future I sailed in the vessels of time,
My wife and my little children, and all that I called mine.
With the glass of enlightened vision I scanned the shores I passed;
My vessel turned never backward, the view was my first and last.

Far back, in the dreary distance, the landscape faded away
Into a dreamless twilight, where grotesque shadows lay;
Gibbets and crosses of martyrs and the gleam of hate's cruel fires,
Poor peasants' huts, kings' palaces, mocking cathedral spires!

And the king, the priest and the peasant, begger and bandit band,
Held ghostly and grim carnival in the faraway twilight land.
Then I turned away in sorrow from the endless woeful years,
From the tombs of the murdered prophets and just men's bitter tears,

To the changing shores of the present, as swiftly they recede;
Glanced down at the loved little ones, my solace and hope indeed.
The shores that lay beside me appeared like our world to-day;
Men eagerly hunted each other, the poor were lawful prey;

And as fast as the laborer gathered, the crafty covered it in;
Law for the strong, a club for the weak, and they hustled their booty in.
For this have the circling ages the changes of time rolled on,
But does might make right to-day, what is morally wrong?

Beyond the shores of the present the new shores spread in view;
The clouds of doubt are uplifted and the prophet's words prove true,
For there spread out before us, as sail the vessels of time,
Is the realm of the beautiful future, which may be yours and mine.

There, neighbor calls unto neighbor from under the fig and the vine,
And the spoilers cease their spoiling, the hearts of the people are kind,
The children cry never with hunger, the songs of the new time are sweet.
While we of the old time, in wonder, seek vainly for woes' retreat.

And no one needs miseries' visage to measure the joys in his store.
And none waste the power of manhood frantically grasping for more;
Nobody is spurred into action, because he is hungry and poor,
Yet genius was never so mighty nor ever was love so pure.

It must be, my brothers, it must be, as the vessels of time glide on,
That man will grow better and wiser 'til his weak peevish childhood is gone,
'Till God's wealth of love and blessing to every heart shall be known,
'Till God's will shall sit in judgment and man shall come to his own.

3 CURSED; A STORY OF ROCK RIMMON

The fogs of a fresh June morning rise silently over the lake;
The sweaty earth breathing upward hangs dewdrops on bush and brake;
A rainbow in mist hangs over the Namaske's foamy way,
But no eye of the greedy paleface measures its silvered spray.

The gentle wind of summer goes soughing through the pines,
Shaking the buds and blossoms that hang on the dewy vines;
On Rimmon's bald crest in silence a dusky woman stands,
The wild fog-swathed landscape with eager eyes she scans.

There are tears on her swarthy cheek, and tears in her brimming eye,
That seeks for a sign of her missing boy, or his wee baby cry
There in the silence, broken only by beast and bird,
Manitou hears a mother's prayer and answers — not a word.

The heron hovers stealthily where Piscataqua's waters flow,
The gray mists vanish and the sun pours scorching rays below;
Among the pines that raise their heads around Rock Rimmon's feet,
Within a grassy opening her darling lies asleep.

The eyes of the mother rest on the tawny face of her child,
With a joy unspeakable and a love that is undefiled;
But the eyes of a beast in hiding peer out from the tangled briars,
Snapping with hunger and burning like liquid fires.

One swift-winged moment passes, then his hot fierce breath
Is on the cheek of the child like the baleful wind of death;
Was white-robed Justice sleeping, when the blood-flecked panther dined?
Was gentle Mercy paralyzed? — were the eyes in heaven blind?

She stands a study in horror, a picture of helpless woe,
Drawn by her fixed gaze heedlessly toward the scene below,
Drawn by her mother love — to be dashed upon ragged stones,
To writhe and breath her life away in pittiful useless moans.

The sun glides over the dome of day and sinks on the evening side,
And the fair twin mountains raise their heads its dimming disc to hide;
A swart-faced savage steals within the opening at Rimmon's feet,
Slays with a blow the torpid brute, glutted with human meat.

A broken bow on the grassy turf; the bloody blanket of his son
Clutched in stiff hands, her hands, his own, God pity this helpless one;
The rocks are more tender than his poor heart, whence joy and hope have fled.
The prowling cat and the rattlesnake and the eagles bury his dead.

"ON RIMMON'S BALD CREST"

(See page 8.)

But among the hills and beside the lake and over the piney plain
Was heard for many a day the yell of a beast with a human frame;
And when he died, or where he died, his fellows did not know;
But they nor their children forgot the brave that was cursed by Manitou.

---

4 THOUGHTS

Suggested by the numerous burying grounds scattered over the landscape as seen from any roadside or hillock in Carroll County, and expressed in verse.

There is a mighty army
  Gathered and gathering far,
That was never yet defeated,
  Though waging endless war.

Scattered over hills and valleys,
  And ocean's solemn main;
By land or sea unconquerable,
  Its foemen fight in vain.

Its straggling squads recruiting
  Wherever man abides;
The sons of men join in its ranks,
  No party clique divides.

While all the world 's contending
  For gain, the sword is drawn,
All factions fade before the music
  Of this army's bugle horn.

And high and low, rich and poor,
  Of every shade unite
To swell the ghostly columns
  Of this army in its might.

By the side of every river,
  And in every quiet glen,
Rise the white and changeless standards
  Of long forgotten men.

And though you build your fortress
  Where the eagle builds his nest;
Though you seek some strong Gibraltar,
  The mightiest and the best;

Though you clothe your ships with scales of steel,
That sail in every sea,
And train your shotted guns to sweep
The headlands and the lea;

You shall never be a victor
O'er this foe of mine and thine;
You shall not break the thinest
Of his lengthening battle line.

You may strive for terms of yielding,
But you surely waste your breath.
Lay down your arms, you're conquered,
By the legionry of death.

---

5 FIRSTLY

I'm deeply interested, as I read the morning news,
In the Cuban situation and the leading coinage views,
The dismemberment of China and Africa's sad fate,
And the rocks that seem to threaten the good old ship of state.

I want to know the weather and the latest Klondike bluff,
And about those office-seekers, who never get enough;
The doings of "sassiety," of high and low degree,
And the chronic labor troubles mostly always trouble me.

But the thing I look for firstly, I don't mind telling you,
Is the modest poet's corner, and I have to read it through,
Just to satisfy myself that Kismet 's shining still,
Then I know that everything is going well, or will.

---

6 THE SPRING POET HEARD FROM

Stop, friend! The springtime is with us again;
Let us offer the thanks that are due,
Our souls are refreshed with the sunshine and rain.
And the verdure that springs forth anew.

The speckled red trout at Escohas falls,
And the salmon that glint in the sun,
The pickerel that lurk in the Molnitchwalk pools
Furnish many a fisherman's fun.

The amiable sport of the gun and the rod
Brings death to the pool and the wood,
Though the fish and the game were provided by God
For the lord of creation's own good.

All men are hunters and fishermen bold,
And in quest of earth's treasures we go;
The green mother earth is our field and our fold,
And we scour it high and low.

You may hunt for hid treasure in dales far and near;
You may trace out the haunt of the fox and the fowl;
You may fish for the salmon or trap for the deer,
Seek the nest of the eagle, the roost of the owl;

But I will go look for the beauty of vales,
Caressed by the sun and the breeze,
Watered and nourished — His mercy ne'er fails —
For I am a hunter of these.

I'll dream on the rocks in a notch in the hills.
I'll list where the forest streams roar,
I'll watch the white clouds that the azure blue fills
And cover the mountain tops o'er.

But when it is time to bethink me of grub,
I'll go find you fellows, I think,
And strike up a trade for some sort of a swap
Of spring poems for victuals and drink.

---

7 UP THE MAGALLOWAY

How beautiful all nature is at this time of year. I started out through the wonderfully picturesque Dixville Notch, ten miles from Colebrook, a few days ago, and had for company a clerical friend, well known in Berlin. He has a wheel and thinks he can save money and acquire a

large chunk of robust health, using it in keeping his various professional appointments. He was on his way from attending a very successful Christian Endeavor convention at Colebrook then.

It is a pretty well demonstrated fact, however, that when a man gets a wheel to save money traveling, he generally travels so much more than he did before, that his traveling expenses increase rather than diminish.

At the Balsams, or rather about a quarter of a mile away from them, we observed signs stating that the property was "private" and there was no thoroughfare, so we skirted around the little artificial lakelet and went up into the queer portals of the notch. Snow still lies in the ravine. The crags, jutting eleven hundred feet above the roadway, shut out the sun in places, even at noonday. About a mile and a quarter from the entrance we passed Pulpit rock and a little farther the paths to the "Flume" on the left and the "Cascade" on the right, and descended into the beginning of the beautiful Clear stream valley. On the left of the road is the Whittemore burying ground, surrounded by a rude fence, where sleep the remains of an early settler and his family. For four miles one passes along a narrow silent valley, where are many locations for summer homes. Abut ten miles brings us to Errol, where is a considerable settlement, and in the Androscoggin at Errol dam and various ponds and basins in the neighborhood is splendid fishing. I went up the Magalloway from here to the end of the settlement near Escohas falls and within two miles of Parmacheenie lake, another famous fisherman's paradise. In fact, all the streams in this region, scores in number, penetrating unbroken woods, teem with trout and other gamey fish, and catering to the sportsmen from far and near is an important occupation of many of the inhabitants.

I would like to say for the benefit of some poor, struggling physician, who is looking for an opening, that this opening, up in a secluded neck of the woods, is from twenty

to forty miles from any other other physician, and the regular charge for a visit here is just twenty-two dollars. A good physician located at Errol would have a clear and large field and could cut the above price per visit down more than half and make a fair living out of it.

Coming down the river through the thirteen mile woods I passed the camp of the river drivers at the head of the Molnitchwalk falls (I think they were) and saw how some people live. While it is a life that has none of war's alarms, it is fully as rough and nearly as dangerous. A young man of twenty-five, named Walker,from West Milan, was one of the most recent victims of the treacherous drive. He was drowned, I believe, in a tributary of Umbagog lake and his body has not been found at this writing. He was an ambitious young man, with a host of friends, and was calculating with the money earned this spring to bid goodbye to the river and take a course in Shaw's Business College at Portland and fit for less dangerous business than river driving

As I sit on the cool veranda of W.G.Wentworth's,near Chandler's well-known station on the up-river road, a troop of about thirty horses of the B.M.Company have come down from their winter quarters in the woods and been ferried across the log-sprinkled river to the ample pasturage in Dummer meadows, where they will spend the summer free from corking care and from confining iron shoes (though some are partly shod). They will come out in the fall sleek and fat for their winter's work. This company employs about six hundred horses. A good many of the men when they get out of the woods are not so fortunate — but that's another story.

I wish to contradict the rumor that I came up here to escape a draft. My services are offered to the government freely as a brigadier-general or even a brevet colonel or aid-de-camp, if the salary is not less than one hundred and fifty dollars mounted. My physician advises that my health isn't strong enough to stand thirteen dollars a month. I am willing to be a hero as indicated above—not otherwise.

June 8, 1898.

8 TO THE RAW RECRUITS

From the Ammonoosuc valley
We have heard the martial call,
And responded quick: "We are ready
For the conflict, one and all!"

"Cuba libra," suffering Cuba,
That lies by the southern sea,
In the name of fair humanity,
She shall and must be free!

Not ours to reason wherefore;
Our country calls to arms.
They have laid the gage of conflict,
We respond to war's alarms.

And while we fight for Cuba,
We will fight for freedom true,
'Till its banners o'er all nations
Wave in peace beneath the blue.

Here's a curse for every tyrant
And the bonds upon the slave;
May the true God teach us wisdom,
As he taught us to be brave.

9 "REMEMBER THE MAINE"

But don't forget Hazelton

The night was dark and calm the lights
On Havana's harbor shone;
Riding in her appointed place,
The Maine rose grand and lone.

Quick, as a flash, across the bay
The electric current flew,
Deep-toned and awful rose the roar
Of the wreck that Spain must rue.

Rise, brothers rise! Remember the Maine,
And her sailors tried and true;
Remember the Cubans, starving there,
Their voices call to you.

This was a deed that was done in the dark,
And the starving a measure of war;
But the men of the mines of Hazelton
Died at noontide obeying the law.

Remember the miners of Hazelton,
Ye men of brain and brawn;
Or some day you will be shot like slaves,
When liberty is gone.

Under the flag unarmed they marched,
Hungry, wretched and guant;
Shot 'neath the flag by the house of have —
Brothers of the house of want!

There is war in the land that will not cease
When Spain is humbled low;
For the wrongs of labor cry against peace,
More than a foreign foe.

Remember the Maine, but do not forget
The miners snot down in the street;
Remember the starving Cubans — yes!
And the battle for bread and meat.

For this is a struggle fore-ordained,
By the wolfish greed of man;
When hushed are the drums of a foreign war,
It will still be on in the land.

So, when bugles blow and waving flags
Call our young men to foreign wars;
Think hard; think wisely; know you well
Who leads you from your shores.

Men do not fight with the tools of peace —
'Tis a useless and idle class,
That robs the vineyard, the shop, the mine,
To bring its own schemes to pass.

How long must the world be warrior-cursed?
When will its battles cease?
When the poor of all nations refuse to fight,
Then comes the reign of peace.

10 ONE OF CLAFLIN'S RAMBLES

Chicken Hollow Park, July, 1898.

I have not written you lately, so I thought the boys would like to hear from Comrade Claflin, some ways from the front. I will give you a few of my passing impressions.

From Chicken Hollow, which is in Jefferson, the Star King range and portions of the Presidential range of mountains are plainly visible in fair weather. Immediately in front of the village of Chicken Hollow, which consists of three one-thousand-bushel charcoal kilns, a railroad station and half a dozen back-number lumber shacks, is Cherry mountain, a portion of which slid down into the valley a few years ago, without any public announcement, carrying trees, rocks and large chunks of devastation along its path. Reaching the settlement, it struck a barn in which a Mr. Walker was milking a brindle cow and injuring Mr. Walker so they had to kill him. At least, I was told he would have been alive now if it had not been for the doctor.

During the succeeding summer a thriving trade in cocktails and light summer drinks sprung up at the foot of the slide, owing to the prevalent desire to view the ruins, on the part of thirsty tourists. Sunday excursions became quite popular.

But, speaking of slides, Brown's Lumber Company of Whitefield has slid more lumber into their immense mills in a single week than slid down from Cherry mountain, and at present they have a pile of lumber covering more than ten acres and thirty to fifty feet deep, ready for sawing. Every bit of wood down to the saw dust is utilized, and hundreds of men and women are given employment. It has got so here that women work in a saw mill, in the kindling wood department, I believe.

I am the guest here of an old gentleman who once lived in Lyme, N. H., and while a young man, he told me,

"A SWART-FACED SAVAGE"

(See page 8.)

he knew a blind man there about twenty-five years his senior who was remarkable for his ability to move around without aid. "I have seen the old gentleman come down to Grant brook, at East Village," said my host, "when they were putting in a new bridge, three stringers long, and walk directly across on a single stringer, when it was so dark you couldn't see a rod! Another time I was going to Orford, and on the top of Sand hill I overtook the blind man going in the same direction, and he got in and rode along with me accurately telling the names of the people living in each house and their location as we passed them, also the location of a pond some distance from the road on the left as we passed it."

Another blind man whom I met at Laughrey's boarding house, near Brown's lumber yard in Whitefield, had been blown up in a stone quarry at Barre, Vt., another man was killed, one was made stone blind and the other stone dead by the same explosion. If they had got "blowed up" in a family row, instead of a stone quarry, the result might have been different. I told the latter gentleman that I supposed he had learned to bear his affliction with becoming patience and fortitude, and presumed that in his isolated position he was developing those saintly virtues that I always look for in blind men and cripples. This seemed to please him a good deal, but did not hinder his trying to work me for a raffle ticket through the alluring prospect of winning a twenty-five-cent meerschaum pipe. The other gentleman, who was present, also pressed me to accept "sunthin" from a large bottle he carried where I keep my testament, tattered old wallet and other sacred things, in my hip pocket. I bluffed them off on the ground of pr-r-inciple, though sometimes I have to add principle and interest both. Young man, set your face like a skin-flint against all games of chance and costly luxuries, and when you become considerably older than I am you will have lots of good health and money in the bank, or at least supposed to have.

My host at Chicken Hollow, to whom I have referred, used to river drive down the Pemigewaset years ago, and one spring they had about three million feet hung up at Livermore Falls, where the state fish hatchery is now located. "One great pine log in the middle of the stream held back the jam," said my host. "Below, full forty feet, were the swirling waters of the eddy, fifty feet deep. In the gang of drivers one, Bill Robinson, a fearful example of drunkenness and general perversity. Bill went out on the jam one morning, after we had been hung up there for a day or two, with his ax and a load of odds and ends from his last night's jag on him and climbed down on to the great pine that held the mountain of piled up timber back. It shivered, as he stood on it. The boss, from the shore, screamed out: 'For God's sake don't strike that log, or you are gone!'

"'Wot t'ell you care,' screamed Robinson back to him. 'We've got to start this jam er stay up 'ere all summer, an' here she goes.' And with that, Bill struck the log a heavy blow, and the next minute we saw him drop the ax and grab around the log with both arms as it shot out over the yawning abyss and dove out of sight into the eddy. The jam came roaring after him, end over end, and the drivers in their boats below dare not move out into the swirling flood, but watched with eager interest for poor Bill. In another moment his head bobbed up and he struck out for the shore which he reached without a scratch.

"He had taken the one chance out of a thousand, and and come out alive. His first articulate words, as we bent over him and he gradually came to, were. 'Boss, I guess its your treat,' and a happy smile flitted across his weather-cracked face in anticipation. It was a closer shave than Bill was used to, but he always said that if a man was going to die of the jimjams, he couldn't be drowned, and I guess he was right, pretty near."

11 THE YOUNG MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

Thou venerable, silent seer of the hills
Guarding these valleys fair,
Facing the storms, as we life's lesser ills,
I look and lisp, Ah! there.

Welcome from far, the cities of the plain,
With trunks and trappings piled,
Thy moveless features chiseled in disdain
No maiden's heart beguiled.

I hate to say it, but you are out of date,
Old Man of Mountains white,
The nice young man's a greater potentate,
In fact he's "out of sight."

We love to see you guard these valleys fair,
While gray heights mirror in the lake.
If only our young mountaineer be there,
You bet he takes the cake.

But I'll not guy you, father ever true
Would that all men learned
To be as steadfast, grim old man, as you,
Mid storms as unconcerned.

12 CITY OF THE SILVER STREAMS

Here's to the city of the silver streams
Married in your midst, the Merrimack
Flows forth to move ten thousand swift machines
Along its busy track.

You, Pemigewasset from Franconia's heart,
Boiling, turbulent, along a sinuous way,
Dammed once, once only from thy distant start
No power could stay.

By you fair Winnipesaukee, child of the lakes,
Whose calmer course a double service gives,
Spouse of your fellow as you come to mate
Fair Franklin lives.

And here by day and night, forever more,
Your ceaseless current turns the useful wheel.
The hum of industry along your shore
Insures your weal.

So once again, to Franklin and her streams,
Married by nature, by man named anew,
We send our greeting; may your brightest dreams
Prove always true.

---

13 LIMERICKS

The following found on the Dundee road is thought by some to be the work of the thieves who broke into Chas. King's and stole cider recently. Whoever was guilty of it ought o be severely dealt with :

There was a young man in Dundee;
He courted a school-girl quite free.
She was trundlebed trash;
He was minus of cash,
But they figured on matrimonee.

Now this brilliant young man of Dundee,
A schemer of schemes was he;
He ran into debt for his clothes,
From his head to his hose,
And had the knot tied to a T.

But the man who went good for his suit,
Concluded that he was a "bute,"
When he gave back the clothes,
For which he still owes,
This cheap matrimonial recruit.

To the sweet boys and girls of Dundee,
I'll extend this advice, which is free;
Whenever you wed
Don't rob the trundlebed,
And pay the price, whatever it be.

---

14 DREW'S POETRY

The late Robert Drew of Silver Lake resembles a poet about the same as a sheep does a goat, and many old residents will remember his efforts to touch the tuneful lyre aad other liars that were not so tuneful. It has never been satisfactorily settled why he did it. Not even Jehu Sanborn of Effingham Falls, the voluminous writer for the local press can say, but he did it, and the doctors say it was not the immediate cause of his death. He did it on a little hand press and took evident pleasure in watching its effect on his neighbors and friends as they perused the following hand made poetry:

"There's A man in our neighborhood
he is neither short nor tall,
he writes for all the papers,
and scandelizes all.
he listens at the windows
and at the outlet of the sink,
and before we hardly know it,
all our doings are in print.

He sends his little daughter out
to forage around for food
and sits and writes his locals
while his wife saws up the wood
if you should meet him on the street
you would hardly get a pass
for he covers half an acre
when he's well filled up with gass.

He swells up like a bladder
if he ever gets a dollar
and when he goes to silver lake
he wears a papper collar
he wears a jockie hat
when he is picking up the news
and When he goes to sandWich
he borroWs coat and shoes

I have lived in days of old angsinen
I am foar score years and ten
but never before have seen an ape
that called himself a man."

It is strange what genius wastes itself upon the desert air.

---

15 WINTER ON THE SACO

The road snowrollers have been in requisition all through this section the past week, and with over a foot of snow on the level it is hard to realize that hardly a hundred miles away at this writing mud and bare ground are the rule.

The Snow King sat where the Winter is born,
On the regal summits o'er Saco's vale;
Gathering his force for a blinding storm,
When the wild winds race with the icy gale.

And the beech and birch and bowing pine,
The spruce and the hemlock, as dark as night,
Stood waiting the shock of the northern wind
And the gale and the tempest clothed with might.

And the pine flung his branches out to the firs,
Roaring in the four winds, like a heaving sea;
And the spruce and the hemlock from beetling spurs
Below the summits sang dolefully.

Down in the vales, by Saco's sinuous way,
The slender birches tossed their graceful stems
And laughed derision at the storm king's sway,
And tossed their plumes unheeding o'er the glens.

This was but yesterday, the woods do-day
Stand abject slaves, covered with white shrouds;
A ghostly host, like monks that bend and pray
Beneath the frowning of the wintery clouds.

How laughs the birch, poor soul, on the drear lea,
Bent prostrate, every branch and stem ice-clad,
Buried in drifts, abject captivity,
With naught to mitigate nor ought to add.

You reign today, King Winter, and you will,
But know that Spring will come to every tree
And every blade that grows on every hill,
And Spring shall set your every captive free.

---

16 A TALE OF BARTLETT

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is Sawyer's rock" remarks the conductor in the observation car on the Maine Central as the train rolls slowly through the valley above Upper Bartlett. "The place where frontiersman Sawyer killed a moose. The rock you see projects down to the brink of the Saco. The moose was trying to climb the steep side of the rock and Sawyer followed and cut the cords of his legs and then cut his throat." Such was the story, and as I looked across the meadows another story came to my mind, told as I sat by the fireside of one of the prosperous woodsmen and farmers near the pretty town of Upper Bartlett.

Newton Ford was a proud young man when first he was promoted to the responsible position of conductor of the freight between Portland, Me., and Lunenburg, Vt. Proud for himself, and pleased that the partner of his successes and failures would share in the benefit of his advancement.

A modest cottage on the ridge at the upper end of the village near where the great railway embankment stretched along the narrow intervals by the side of the Saco and plunged into the jaws of the mountains, was the home of Newton Ford and his little family, and there he spent as much of his time as he could spare from his railroad duties. As the years went by the Maine Central regarded him as one of its deservedly trusted employees.

The years were not without accidents, however, and numbers of more or less severe shakeups and several wrecks occurred, but so far as my informant could remember, the buggy of that freight never left the track. In the station at Upper Bartlett is located a telegraph station, where the clicking instruments carry the swift messages of the train dispatcher and direct the control and management of every train on the road. In this station is also located an eating saloon and, as it is a place of stopping for all trains, it is a railroad center of considierable importance. Two operators are employed here, and the general supervi sion of business at this point was, at the time of which I write, in the hands of John McCrillis, who had to keep track of the money taken in and disbursed at this point and report daily.

There was a big safe in the office and in order that the telegraph operator might attend to the little business that came in during his stunt on duty, the safe door was never locked. For some weeks Agent McCrillis had missed small sums of money, which sums he had to make up from his own wages and it really didn't suit his ideas of thrift and prudence and one day, as the little gentlemanly Frenchman, who was serving as night operator, sauntered in to assume his duties, Mr. McCrillis lit on him somewhat savagely and charged him with the peculations. This was met with a vigorous and emphatic denial—and the assertion by the operator that Mr. McCrillis might consider his position vacant just as soon as he chose, as the said operator had never yet been accused of being a thief without proper resentment. Some of the employes crowded around and urged the operator to stand his ground and not be driven out without proof, and Mr. McCrillis drew off non-plussed for the time being; but he determined to catch the thief in the act, if possible. So, watching his opportunity, he took a large auger and bored a hole in the floor above and when the night operator went on duty the next night, Mr. Mc Crillis also went on duty in the vacant room overhead.

"THE NICE YOUNG MAN"

(See page 19.)

The hours sped by. The operator stuck to his key-board, and trains came and went. At last, toiling wearily up from the lowlands of the Saco, came the long freight, conducted by Newton Ford. It came to a standstill and, while the busy inspectors went down the long length of the train, carefully testing the wheels for the long hard run up through the white hills and on to Lunenburg, Newton Ford stepped into the office, no one was looking—he slid around to the safe—no one saw him—a half dollar is quickly transferred to his pocket and he is innocently drumming on the window sill, and waiting to give the signal to send his train upward over the heavy grades. It is a little thing. He has done as much before and no one seems to mistrust, done it perhaps a score of times—the company is rich. A half a dollar means a jolly time with the boys, a glass of beer all round or cigars for the crowd—and the company is rich, you know. They give away a thousand times more than that in free passes every year. "The head ones take what they like when they can, and why shouldn't I?" He argues. Newton Ford that won't do. If you are going to be a rascal, be a big one. If you could only steal a whole railroad, they would call you a good financier, but you—you have thrown away a good job, at $2.50 per day, by sneaking that beggarly half-dollar out of the drawer. The eye at the auger hole is on you. While you are putting your train up over the treacherous rails along the dizzy curves by Elephant's Head and the swaying Frankenstein trestle, John McCrillis is telegraphing a bill of particulars into the Portland director's office. At Lunenburg a special dispatch is handed you. Ah! What is this? Wanted on my arrival at Portland at the office. What does that mean? What can it mean? Perhaps that run to Portland is an agreeable one. Train disposed of, engine in round house, silent, sullen, you swing out of the cab and make your way to the office. "Mr. Ford, here is your pay up to day—we have no further use for you on the Maine Central. Good day, sir!" And that is all.

17 THE MURDER OF EZRA DODGE

The topic that still interests everybody and will until the meeting of the grand jury in April discloses what, if anything, is to be done about it, is the murder last September 13th of Ezra P. Dodge of Tamworth. The writer heard some seventeen distinct versions of the affair from as many eye witnesses of the finding of the body, and he has been strongly tempted to write a book on "What I Know About the Dodge Murder," but he didn't, and merely contents himself with the following supposedly poetic observations on the same :

Crushed and bruised and lying in the sun,
By the heathside in the bushes by the wall;
Was it at noontide when the horrid deed was done,
Or when the stars their silver light let fall?

Was it after hot words the cruel blow was given,
Or with coolness the dread bullet sought its mark?
Who can tell us how this poor soul all unshriven
Went out from us into mysteries more dark?

Was it a hand that raised with him the glass
Of commradship, that struck that wicked blow;
Was it the lip protesting to the last
A friendship its owner did not know.

Was it for half the contents of his purse
The fiend required of him his all, his life?
A wretch so sordid it would seem were worse
Than had he struck the blow in angry strife.

Whoe'er he be and whereso e'er he roam
God marks him day and night and night and day.
Bitter shall be his cup, and hell shall be his home
Till blood and tears shall purge his sin away.

And as he walks on green earth or the snow,
'Neath summer's sun or winter's death-like chill,
His victim with him walks ever to and fro,
In dark or light he walks beside him still.

There is no place among the circling suns,
In Heaven or earth or deep beneath the sea,
Where punishment shall fail the guilty ones—
Let in the least their cowering souls go free.

The earth cries out, he bears the brand of Cain,
He shudders as he hears the whispering pine,
The winds are vocal with the murderer's name,
And Heaven assures him " Vengence alone is Mine. "

18 ONLY A PICTURE

" Make me a picture of baby, " I said to the artist one day,
" A picture of my little baby, whom death has taken away ;
Make his hair sunny and golden, and tangled about his face,
Not brushed, as in silence we saw it, but full of life-like grace.

" Make his eyes blue as in summer glows the morning sky;
And, say, can you light them with gladness that cannot fade or die ?
Curl his red lips and round them, and dimple his cheeks just so,
(But his nose was a pug, no matter, you'd call it funny I know).

" And give him a checkered apron, with pocket for 'kerchief and toys,
And some copper-toed boots with red tops, and a drum to make a noise.
(We used to scold Tommy for that then, but so quiet our rooms have grown
That I long for the romping baby and cry when I'm alone)."

The artist painted my picture with patient and tenderest art ;
He seemed to feel my longings and the hunger of my heart.
He outlined a chubby angel and give him a form most fair ;
He put the fresh glow on his soft cheek and the sunlight in his hair.

The drum, the boots and the apron were just as like as could be,
And the hands that held the drumsticks were the ones he reached to me
When the choking night-scourge seized him and bore his life away,
But the eyes were not my baby's, their light was too cold and gray.

I do not blame the artist. His art was tender and true.
And the grace of his nameless cherub I loved, and so would you,
But, oh, the light of my baby's soul, glowing in his eyes,
Greets me no more—methinks 'tis hid with God in Paradise.

19

AUTUMN

Last night I looked abroad,
The sun was setting in a cold grey cloud,
The earth was sere and dank,
Near all the leaves had fled.

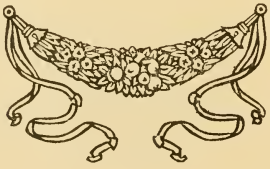
Last night I thought of God,
I thought me of my approching shroud,
And as I thought my spirit sank
Almost to meet the dead!

For what are we? like leaves and summer smiles,
We spring to bloom through life's short year,
We sail amid earth's ever pleasant isles,
Its sudden storms, its calms, love's witching wiles,
We fade and pass like summer—such is man!

The goldenrod and rank bush hides no more
With green and bloom the graves on yonder hill,
But ragged rocks and forest skeletons
Beneath a cold dead sun my visions fill.

There is a time in every passing year
To 'mind us of our own departed youth;
There is a time when all the world goes mateing,
A noontide, a decline, a sad awaiting,
A time of shrouds and the eternal bier!

But all these times are God's time—
Brother mine—He grows not old as we do,
He was never young, but in our "seven ages,"
Doth He rejoice and make of all things good!



20 THE DANCE OF THE LEAVES

Which occured simultaneously and without previous notice Sunday, November 10, 1902, Manager, Old Boreas; Musicians, Bare Limbs, Green Boughs; Wind Instruments, Gates, Signs and Wire Fences.

Oh, it was a jolly dance,
All the high-toned folks were there.
Oak and maple, popple, birch,
And willow, lithe and fair!

How they raced along the highways,
How they surged and choaked the byways,
How they doddled, how they spun,
How they sailed and soared and swirled.
How they doubled, chained and swung
Over all the wind-swept world!

Come together on the square,
Come from out of everywhere,
Chased around right merrily,
Tripped and turned quite airily,
This one dance the leaflets had
E'er they hied them off to bed.

21 AN OCCASIONAL OCCURRENCE

I halted at the school house door,
In a secluded glen it stood,
I'd been there several times before
On my usual errand—doing good!

I rapped quite slowly, tap, tap, tap,
Stepped back and calmly waited,
The hum inside grew still at that,
The studious buz abaited.

And just as I would rap again,
The door was opened to me,
There stood the school marm on the sill,
And smiled as though she knew me.

I'm selling monthlies, Miss, said I,
Full of lore on rules and training,
To teach the young idea to shoot,
The various ways explaining.

"I thank you for your kindness, sir,
The school marm blushing said,
My school will close week after next,
And then I'm to be wed." Nuff ced.

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22 WHY I LOVE YOU

I know why I ought to love you, and I do.
There is a joy to go where duty calls.
Nor left nor right to look, but just to you,
My dear, until life's final curtain falls.

The one who knelt with me by bridal bed,
And rose to face life's varied scenes together,
The mother of my children, living, dead
Who taught me courage whatso'r the weather—

Do I know why I love you? Yes, I do!
It is no dream I chose, or sudden passion,
A pretty face, a figure fair and new;
My love is builded from another fashion.

For our two lives are linked as one forever,
And dearer are the ties as we grow older,
I could not trust a passion that could sever,
Or grow less pure with age, or ever colder!

I love you, dear, because when comes life's fading,
Towards which we glide from childhood's sunlit shores,
I know that you'll be with me, loving, aiding,
Your heart my home and my heart only yours.

God wills it so! Youth may may not know the reason
Why love comes in to gladden soul and mind;
But happier age, ripened in its due season,
Knows why it loves; it is no longer blind!

So I know why I love you—only you,
From all the women in the world beside;
Forever one— this God hath made of two,
And one forever gladly we abid.

---

23 QUEEN CARRIE

I sought her when the world was young,
I courted her with joy,
She was the queen of Mytown
And I a barbarous boy.

I bowed to my dear queen's decree,
A servant at her throne,
Her every wish was law to me
When e'er that wish was known.

She gave me people for the land
As fair as e'er were seen,
She held the scepter in her hand
I was consort to the queen.

As chief I ranged the earth for her,
And brought to her the spoils,
To build and deck her capitol
The aim of all my toils.

I thought to live and die her slave,
(A willing slave was I.)
No harm should come to my dear queen
With her prince consort nigh.

But lo! there came another king,
Who reigns from shore to shore.
To take Queen Carrie from her throne
And he has pressed her sore.

Though bravely fights our dear home queen,
To hold her fair domain,
And all the people of her realm
Give battle in her name.

Still day by day the hidden foe
Will drag her from her throne,
Till Mytown is left desolate
Without the queen of home.

---

24 IN THE VASTNESS

How sunny the light shines about us,
How gaily the shadows chase by.
When the hillsides echo with laughter,
And pleasantly blue is the sky.
The young birds mate in the meadow;
The kine and the wood folks gay,
With never a thought of tomorrow,
Are living and loving today.

In this day lives the young man and maiden,
And why should their joy be denied?
The storms just ahead may be hidden,
The fortunes of fate undescried.
But, I say, drink your goblet of pleasure,
Drink deep, heaven meant it for you;
To be happy in life is a duty,
As much as it is to be true.

As I think of the vastness behind us,
And gaze at the vastness before.
I feel that heaven has designed us
To live one life at a time, and no more!
To live it each day as a unit,
Making it count for its most,
To take out the best there is in it,
And the fragments, that nothing be lost.

"AND A DRUM TO MAKE A NOISE"

(See page 27.)

I have walked down into the breakers,
Where the waves of eternity roar,
I have stepped my bare feet in chill waters
That girdle and threaten the shore!
I have list to the plaint of my dear one,
Sinking into the vastness from me,
I have tasted the horror and sadness
Of the infinite, measureless sea!

And as we stood there at the parting,
A moment, and looking behind
The long way reaching back in the sunlight
I lovingly called to her mind
The sweet road we had traveled together,
The burdens we joyfully bore,
For the sake of the children God gave us;
In our thoughts we reviewed it once more.

But we said not a word of the future,
My dear one I held by the hand,
'Till God took her forth in the vastness
That stretches away from the land!
And God, in his infinite goodness,
Will give her the peace and the calm
Of the deep sea, where never the breakers
Shall threaten her dear soul with harm.

In the deep sea of infinite pity,
That flows in the world of the blest,
Where the hunted and harried find haven,
And the burdened and weary find rest,
I know that the Father who forms us,
As the potter his pliable clay,
Has nothing but good for his children
In the vastness that hid her away.

---

25 THE MEETIN' AT SOUTH ROAD SCHOOL HOUSE

I was over to the South Road school house to meetin' the other Sunday night and Elder Meacham was there a

leadin' the meetin', and John Ferguson had told us how he expected to go to Heaven when he died because there was a place provided for them that loved the Lord as he did an' he should go any way, whether anybody else went or not, an' he was glad the Lord had kin'ly showed him the way to salvation, an' that he lived in a land where the true gospel was preached. An' Miss Jennison had explained how the Lord had called after her when she was very young, an' how she pittied them that set in darkness in foreign lands, an' hadn't never had no religion worth speakin' of, an' so forth. An' Elder Meacham had hinted for the third time there was liberty, an' Jim Jones had coughed twice and I blew my nose, to fill in kind of, when Peleg Johnson ris up an' broke the silence which had become oppressive,as it were. Peleg don't often speak in meetin', an' every one rubbered more or less when he begun, but he stuck to it an' spoke his little piece good an' loud so's they all could hear quite distinct. He says something about like this:

"Brethren and sisters: — I aint exactly religious, but I've been thinkin', an' I hope ye won't think hard of me if I tell you what I think. Honest now, it appears to me more as if 'in the beginning' (or pretty soon after), man created God after a notion of his own, an' different men had different notions, an' as time went on an' times changed, their notions changed, an' that is why we have so many different things said about the same great Being. Then too, them that wrote the Bible, (the one we read out of), thought it would be a good plan to work in a lot of wonderful things into their histories an' chronicles, novels and psalms, an' they salted an' peppered them to suit the oriental taste. Now I can't see as there is any more credit coming to a Christian or a Hebrew for pretending to believe things his judgment don't approve of, than there is for a Hindoo or a Chinaman or a Turk. We go an' tell them about Jonah an' the whale, an' Elijah, an' the three worthies, an' walkin' on the water, an' the miracles of the

loaves and fishes, an' they say the oriental for 'Ah! Go on! We've got stranger tales than that in our religion, and just as good principles too, Lord a massy, we've got gods enough now, don't fetch us any more.' Now I say that's natural, an' you can't blame them people if ye will only put yourself in their place. It don't make much difference whether ye say the golden rule backhanded, as the Chinaman does, or frontways, as we do, if ye remember to keep within forty rods of the practice of it. I'd rather be a heathen that lived up to his lights, than a christian, that hides his under a bushel basket when makin' a hoss trade. I tell ye, brethren and sisters, it does a man a lot of good to run across them words: 'What doth the Lord require of ye but to deal justly, love mercy an' live humbly.' If any on ye sees me slip a cog on this doctrine, let me know an' I'll thank ye kin'ly. It ain't what ye don't know that needs to worry ye so much as the practice of what ye do know." An' then Peleg set down.

---

26 ONE OF ALFRED AUSTIN'S

Apropos of one of Alfred Austin's on the occasion of the Duke's return :

Poor grinder out of weak, sporadic verse,
Whose wrecked machine is twisted out of gear,
Devoted Austin, your rhymes are worse and worse,
Your boss, the king, will fire you I fear!
For home from sailing to the Jack cursed shores,
Where British feet press down unwilling necks,
The scions of the robber, German boors,
Come with your drivel to so weak text.
And while you prate that England's lands are free,
And her vast subject peoples are content,
The bitter Hindo bows the famined knee
And Ireland yields because her power is spent!

While from South Africa's gold and diamond shores,
  The wail of slaughter from prison pen and field
Rises to Heaven from the devoted Boers,
  Doomed to die because they will not yield.
Yet, Alfred, here, you have my sympathy,
  Coupled in regal meauure with contempt,
You cannot glorify a rotten royalty,
  Or despot crime and hide the odorous scent.

---

27 THE NEXT ROLL CALL

Published in the Mirror in connection with the Decoration Day exercises of 1888.

Strew well the flowers, old comrades,
  It takes more every year,
I'm wondering this time twelvemonth
  How many we'll number here.
The ranks are thinning; the faces
  We've met in the years gone past
Are lessening sadly, and whiter
  The heads than when we met last.

My vision is fitful, old comrades,
  The pictures are jumbled tonight;
The living and dead together
  Seem mixed in a wierd twilight;
And over the graves they are marching
  With banners and harness of war,
Silently, swiftly and grandly,
  So grandly my soul is in awe.

The men who came back to the Northland
  From facing the cannon's mouth,
The men who dropped bravely in battle
  Their bones in the fields of the south,
Offered for freedom and country
  So freely the gift that was due,
Approach the great roll call up yonder,
  My vision reveals them to view.

No more with the harness of battle
Mustering into a hell-heated strife,
But they meet on the mountains of Beulah
At the roll call of endless life.
Then strew well the flowers, old comrades,
We'll meet in the twilight too,
And all march home in the morning,
The faithful, fearless and true.

---

28 A TRAGEDY IN JERICHO

A man coming out of Jericho met a man that dwelt by the wayside on the bank of the Saco as it runs in the valley of the mountains. And there are mountains of tin there, and of iron, and of copper. And he tarried with him all night. And the dweller by the wayside, manlike, communed with the wayfarer and told him a story to relieve the tedium of the evening, and it ran like this:

There was a dweller in Jericho, where the river of Jericho runs down between the mountains of iron and of tin, in the vale where it joins itself to the Saco, that lived with his one wife and thirteen children and tried to be happy. He worked hard every day and spent his labor and strength to get food and clothing for his own family and a roof to shelter them; and his raiment was ragged and stained with the stains of toil and his beard grew bushy and his face became furrowed, and verily he was no posey in appearance, but his heart beat loyal and true, and a little appreciation from those for whom he labored would have been worth a whole lot. But he didn't seem to get it. There was another man in Jericho, (so ran the tale,) and he also had one wife, but that didn't seem to make any difference, and he became a frequent visitor to his neighbor's house. He didn't take his wife with him either. Moreover he gener-

ally timed it so that the other man wasn't there, and when the "other" man mildly remonstrated, he told him to go away, way back and sit down. Also his wife, the mother of his children aforesaid, intimated rather curtly that he wasn't up to date, and so this "other" man gave up the struggle. Oh, 'tis rare to see a loving heart crushed! To see the light of hope and the joy of duty done fade out of the existence of a too confiding man. If a serpent entered Eden, then the devil came into Jericho. Its mountains were tin and iron and to the "other" man verily the heavens became as brass. He staggered too and fro like a drunken man, his heart, yes, he had one, seemed frozen and his brain was on fire. He knew not what to do nor where to turn. Should he slay his supplanter and his faithless one, then the law would destroy him. Yet it would be God's vengeance upon them, but "vengeance ismine, I will repay," says God. No, he will not do that! What then? Shall he live in Jericho, dishonored before his neighbors and friends? Even the fool by the wayside will wag the tongue at him. Nay, nay! Death is sweet to a suffering soul, as to a suffering body. So thought the "other" man.

There was dew on the morning grass, but he did not heed it. There was perfume of growing crops in the air, but he smelled it not. There were songs of many birds in the branches of the trees, whose lives were sweet to them, but he never heard their joyous notes. There was poison in the cup, the old cracked cup on the beam in the shed, hidden away from the chickens. That was for him! Oh, blessed sleep! End of the fires of fantasy and the uncontrolable thoughts. He sought and found it. For what can be hidden from him that seeks? He hugged it to his bosom and fled, kissing, e'er he went, the face of his last born child, up beyond the houses of the little settlement of Jericho, to the roaring boulder-strewn torrent. Then he lays his hat upon a rock, amid the birches and a stone upon his hat. Perchance they will find that and find "it" sooner! Then to business.

"Oh! wife, mother, darling, will this show you how well I loved you? Will this draw tender thoughts sometime from you?" It is a bitter dose, but sweet to those who take it! There is a sickening struggle with self-inflicted death. The clinched hands dig into the dry leaves of the forest, the body rolls convulsively among the ferns, a bird in the overhanging branches looks down with a sidelong glance of curious wonder at the struggling form and then all is still. The world is wide, so wide that one may disappear within a hundred rods of his own door and never be found. This one lay where the passerby in the highway might have seen it, and the rain fell on its pallid face and drenched its rigid limbs, and the ferns and flowers faded and fell over it, and one by one in showers and eddying swirls the leaves fell from the trees of autumn and drifted against it, e'er the woodman swamping his winter road passed that way.

* * * * * *

I had rather go a dozen miles than once to stumble on such a gruesome sight. I had rather be in hell with my neck broken than have caused the misery that led to this. Husbands, love your wives! Wives, honor your husbands! Then shall life be truly worth living. In poverty or in wealth, in Jerusalem or Jericho!

This is the tale told, manlike, by the man who dwelt by the wayside as you go out of Jericho.

---

29 BACK TO MY NATIVE HEATH

Again I journey by the sea,
In Rockingham, of all the earth
Made dear to me and near to me,
The county of my birth.

I've been for many days among
  New Hampshire's grander hills,
Where mountain winds have shrieked and sung
  Above the ice-clad rills.

I love her mountains, every one,
  And vales that lie between,
But lovlier shores beneath the sun,
  My eye has never seen.

Seabrook lies full dark and drear,
  Beneath a dripping sky,
While in the sullen night I hear
  The whistling buoys' wierd cry.

Is it to warn the tempest-tossed
  Away from treacherous shoals
That it wails, as wail the lost
  The wrecked and ruined souls?

The mighty main against the land
  The ever changing nature's mood,
How typical of life they stand,
  To give reflection food.

* * * * * *

The Hampton hills, of gentle slopes,
  Stretch back from Hampton river,
That runneth in and runneth out,
  As run the tides forever.

For Hampton river's mouth is wild,
  And changeable as cloudland,
But lo! Like teeth its mouth is piled,
  Across its shifting quicksand.

And as the toiling tugs at sea,
  With measured motion creep,
Along the causeway by the lea
  The swift electrics sweep.

But Neptune yields not easily
  His sway at Hampton river,
He'll climb the stout piles noisily,
  His bolts shall on them shiver.

Carrie Emma Carr Claflin.

A good wife and mother, a faithful friend.

Born March 31, 1860. *Died December 28, 1904*

(See page 31.)

And when the Storm King rides the main
Beware of Hampton's river,
Lest Neptune shall his own reclaim,
To have and hold forever.

Drive deep your piles with Titan stroke,
Brace well and spike together
For the dogs of the sea shall tear at the oak,
In the wild tempestuous weather.

---

30 THESE HERE ELECTRICS

"They've got these here electrics
A runnin' all around,
You can catch 'em any corner
An' go whizzin' into town.

An' it makes it mighty easy
For a poor suburbanite
To reach them 'ere emporiums
An' spend his little mite.

From Goose Corner to Bug Holler,
From Chick Street to Go Big,
From Sodom and from Jericho,
They run their whizzin' rig.

An' I swan to man I'm thinkin'
That the time ain't far away,
When they'll whiz along each cross road
A dozen times a day.

They're a mighty fine invention
For us poor suburbanites,
It's slickern grease to get ter town,
When we want ter see the sights."

31 A SEABROOK MYSTERY

A score of years have come and gone,
In Seabrook by the sea,
Since on a bright and sunny morn
* John Walton, with his dog and gun,
Went hunting o'er the lea.

But never since that day serene,
In Seabrook by the sea,
Has Walton or his dog been seen.
He vanished, like a fading dream,
Nor ever home came he.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
In Seabrook by the sea,
Purchance some hunted just for show.
For where he went some one must know
And where he hid might be.

Then to the seer in Hampton town,
From Seabrook miles away,
Went some to Mistress Ellen Brown,
For second sight known all around,
To see what she might say.

"A grave in the slant of a gravelly hill,
In Seabrook by the sea,
His bones are there," quoth she, "and will
Be found some time, but not until
The bones of the others be.

For there are graves of other men,
In that hillside by the sea,
And one is new, while some have been
Long years upon that lonely fen,
And will be still," quoth she.

* * * * *

Upon the fens they searched in vain,
Along by the lonely sea,
'Till winter's rule and summer's reign
Full twenty times did wax and wane
In the tide of eternity.

They in their shallow silent graves
Lay patiently and still,
Uncalled for by the roaring waves,
And hidden safe from human gaze,
Upon the wind-swept hill.

At last, the graders with pick and spade,
Of the road running down to the sea,
Came to the hill for gravelly grade.
One first did Walton's grave invade,
A luckless wight was he!

The clothes beside his crumbling frame
Were the clothes John Walton wore,
But from his dead set jaws no name
Can ever brand his murderer's shame
Of twenty years before.

And that same digger with his pick,
On the hill beside the sea,
Dug forth another grave full quick
And then a third, whereat heartsick
From the gruesome hill fled he.

But the seer that lives in Hampton town,
From Seabrook miles away,
That bears the name of Ellen Brown,
Her fame has spread to the country round,
And thus has it come to me.

* Fictitious name.

---

32 OSSIPEE POCKET

We visited Ossipee Pocket this week. Some may be unkind enough to remark at this point that we have visited many more, but let that pass. The school marm handed us the following, found in the sweepings, with three marbles, two cuds of gum and a safety-pin, and she could only give a guess as to who wrote it:

In olden time, so runs the rhyme,
As travelers used to talk it,
From Ossipee all did agree
The road ran into a pocket.

Which ever way the traveler turned
He'd wish he'd gone some other,
No thoroughfare for him was there,
It made a nasty bother.

But now the pocket is ripped up,
And traveler traps no more,
For north or south or east or west,
It has an open door.

While from its high and sightly hill
The world lays spread to view,
The place should have another name,
How would Mount Look Off do?

THE COUNTY PRESS

I don't care much for foreign wars,
Or great affairs of state,
The news which interest me most,
Which I anxiously await,
Is what transpires at "Shattigee,"
The news from "Barvelwhang,"
"Whiteface" and "Skinner Corner" and
The noted "Stoneham" gang.
From "Jericho" and "Goshen" too,
From "Bear Camp" and "Dundee,"
"Dish Water Mills" and "Ballyhack,"
It seems so good to me.

"Drake's Corner," "Taylor City,"
"The Pocket" and "Pine River,"
'Tis those I like to read about,
It kind of stirs my liver.
The folks I know live thereabouts,
The "Dick" and "Cropple Crown;"
Old "Black Snout" rises in the west,
"Chocorua" looks down,
"Paugus" and "Passaconway,"
And "Wonolancet," too,
Stretch out along the northern sky
And pierce the heavenly blue.

I like to get my weekly mail,
And read about the men
And women Brother Dorr has seen,
And what he's said of them.
Who went to Boston Saturday,
Or stopped the day before
And made the PIONEER a call
They never made before.
Or how Bill Thornet treed a coon,
Or how a rusty nail
Puuched a square hole in Bub Smith's foot,
How William King broke jail.

Jim Jones' dog had to be killed,
And Peter Lattie's beans
Mysteriously walked off one night,
The pastor's social schemes,
The burning of Jim Abbey's barn,
The new road through Skeedee,
The remarks the Rev. Bumpus made
About his salary.

The regular matrimonial gist
Ground by the county court,
Unmating the missmated ones,
While the devil holds the fort.
The news from "Tin Pot" alley,
"Goose Corner" and "Chicken" street,
"Potato" burrough and "Hedgehog" hill,
Just makes the tale complete.

You may think I care a lot about
Pink teas and Newport hops,
But I rather hear of handsome pigs,
And the prospect of the crops.
If Potts has shingled his old house,
Or Botts has dug a well,
Or Colonel Tabbs has given the church
An elegant new bell.

I find it in my paper, and
It's what I'm looking for,
Dod gast your foreign lying news
Of pestilence and war!

Give me the good old county press,
For all your slurs and jeers,
'Tis there we get our money's worth
For low! these many years.

It jollies at our wedding feasts,
It briefly mentions births.
It sheds the sympathetic tear
That means the last of earth.
It cheers us on our trials,
It assists the lagging cause,
And compels the gang of plunderers
Of public funds to pause.
It is loved by wise and true men,
For the enemies it makes,
It deserves far better than it gets
And gives more than it takes.

---

34 * WHEN UNCLE JOE TAUGHT SCHOOL

The eye or memory looks back
Across the misty years,
To bygone times that ne'er return,
To scenes of mirth and tears.

Beyond the murmuring Saco,
From Jericho to Goshen,
He taught the young idea to shoot,
And stirred the Yankee notion.

His kindly smile, his serious look,
His nod of approbation,
His reprimand, *we dare not* brook,
That filled with consternation.

We knew when we had done our best,
We got his kind approval,
But shirking was good reason for
Our precipitate removal.

He joined with us in summer sports,
And snowy winter days
Could never chill his interest
In all our pranks and plays.

But years have fled, the Saco flows,
Still murmuring, to the sea,
The boys and girls of other days,
Who knows where they may be?

Yes, some live in the village still,
By Saco's murmuring tide,
Some sleep in peace upon the hill,
And some are scattered wide.

But here's good luck to all the crowd
Who yielded to the rule,
And drank from wisdom's open fount,
When Uncle Joe kept school.

I know the old man loves you still,
And trusts you, as of yore,
Hopes for you and believes in you,
And will forever more.

However far from Saco's vale
Your wandering feet may stray,
Rest sometimes and look back upon
The scenes of yesterday.

The village where old Moat keeps guard,
The white hills, high and cool,
The people of the old "lang sine"
When Uncle Joe kept school.

* Joseph Pitman, of Bartlett, taught 55 terms of school in the Saco Valley, beginning when he w as seventeen years of age.

35

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

"We don't want to vote,
But, by gracious, if we do,
We want to know we have the right
To vote, as well as you!"

Thus speaks the coming woman,
And who shall say her nay?
For when a woman will, she will!
So, brothers, clear the way!

'Tis woman's right to earn her bread,
By any honest toil;
To spin and weave, to scrub and bake,
To measure prints and oil.

And she has shown her skillfulness
In every human realm,
Oft' in domestic storm and stress
Her hand has seized the helm.

And whereso'er the flag of truth
Has ever yet been set,
The woman's heart and woman's hand
Upholds that standard yet.

For woman at the cradle side
Baptizes with her love,
And woman to the vale of death
With us will ever move.

Then fling away that hateful bar,
That mars equality,
Give woman every human right,
Then may we all be free!

So if they want to vote,
My brothers, clear the way,
Aud give to woman every right
That you enjoy to-day.

"AND OVER THE GRAVES THEY ARE MARCHING."

(See page 36.)

36 HAMPTON RIVER BRIDGE

What have they done at the river mouth,
Where the marshes stretch away
'Till they reach the far off hazy hills,
Where the lambs in spring time play?

What have they done at the river mouth,
Where the bars and shoals are shifting,
Where the curious folk of the sea disport
In the gray green waves uplifting?

They have built a bridge at the river mouth,
And stretched a track upon it,
And the sea folk looked on innocently
Or slept in the depths as they done it.

But the fierce king that dwells in the sea,
He brought up his crew to the battle,
And the roaring storm raged over the bridge
Till it made the racked joints rattle.

And the old king wound his sinewy arms
Around the great logs pile driven,
And he yanked them out in his towering wrath
As he bellowed his rage to heaven!

Then beware of the king of the deep green waves,
And if ever you trespass again,
Remember the power of his sinewy arms
And build as in fear of them!

37 THE NEW YEAR

The old year dying, wreathed his face in smiles.
Goodby, old year, you've been a friend to me!
Then fare you well, the new year with his wiles
Is here, I know not, friend or foe is he?

But friend or foe, newcomer, here's my hand,
I'll do by you as you should do by me,
I'll use you freely while in life I stand,
Or rest in you as in eternity.

How can I tell, or any other man,
What destiny confronts in this new year,
What fate may snare us in its shadowy hand,
What we may hope, or what the heart should fear?

I shudder as I foot the perilous trail,
My hand draws back as from an unseen foe,
For Death lurks somewhere just within the veil,
But where and when God alone can know.

Then God give me to walk this new young year
Fearless, but thoughtful and striving for the right,
Give me to walk without conceit or fear,
Walk firmly through the darkness as through light.

I make no boasts because a space of time
Has opened like the turning of a leaf,
I know my duty, there my joy I find,
And life's my opportunity, long or brief.

Goodby, old year, a smile was on your face,
A sunny day passed to an evening red,
You went in peace full of a hoary grace,
And here's my offering now that you are dead.

38

AS TO WATER

Water is good in its place,
But its place is the changeful sea,
And wherever the clouds of heaven bring
This water to you or me.

But water in railroad fares,
In oil or coffee or tea,
Water for stock for Bulls or Bears,
Is not the water for me.

The leeches that bleed us o' nights,
The thieves "that infest the day,"
Sail their pirate ships by water rights
To the haven of boodler's bay!

These pirate crews of the land
Sail their crafts in the fathomless sea
Of profits, that smell to heaven and
Outrival the "heathen Chinee."

There'll come a time by and bye.
When the holy, stock-watering crew,
The pirates of finance and commerce will cry
To be spared, as their fate comes in view.

The warrior shall die by the sword,
At peace shall the peaceful one fall
But the crews of the pirates of finance and trade
Shall be drowned in their flood after all.

39

THE NEW MAN

The rats of the teaming mines have holes,
And the foxes of commerce burrow well;
While the birds of fashion nest on high,
But where does the New Man dwell?

The man in whom reason sits enthroned,
The man of love, of faith, of power;
The man for whom the ages groaned
In travail 'till his coming hour!

This man shall scorn your caisioned walls,
Your skyward climbing, ravening dens
Your ghastly cities and reeking slums,
And your unkempt fields and fens!

But under his touch the earth will smile,
And every sea shall a message bring,
For man, who has dwelt a serf a while,
Shall forever dwell as a king!

And the world—this beautiful world of ours—
Shall discover its treasures rare,
And love shall abide and faith shall build,
And the God of Power shall be there.

And then shall the "Son of Man" appear,
As the clouds of the fables flee away,
And Justice shall wipe away each tear
In Heaven's millennial day!

---

40 THE ADVENT OF THE WHEEL

Once wearily I plodded along life's dusty ways,
I bore the heat and burden of the livelong summer days;
And the miles that stretched before me seemed like continents in length,
While in footsore, toilsome tramping I wasted all my strength.

But the gay and festive wheel,
Rubber tired and rimmed with steel,
With a ting-a-ling of its bell
Wakes the echoes of the dell;
And swiftly leaps to measure
Miles of heath and vale and plain,
Round about and back again—
Till the very joy of motion
Like a wind sprite of the ocean
Thrills the dullest heart with pleasure.

Silent as the breathing wind,
Leaving leagues away behind;
Swift as an arrow from its bow,
Coasting down tne hills we go;
Bird and beast outstripped, surprised,
Wondering as they seek the cover
Of the trees or nodding clover
What new steed has man been taming
In its knowing and its naming
Find their sharp wits exercised.

What if now and then a tumble
Shakes our pride and keeps us humble,
Or we fly zip-bang together
In an effort to learn whither
T'other fellow meant to turn;
Sandy roads sometimes distress us,
Long smooth ways appear to bless us;
Farmers' dogs and stupid cattle
Make our wrathful souls to burn.

Now I race along the center of the solid turnpike road,
Flashing on by dewy meadows, spinning through the piny wood,
Scaling heights that rise before me like a bird upon the wing,
And unless I bust a tire I can well afford to sing.

41

AUBURN

I saw the light of day there,
And that was all,
I yelled an infant yell there,
And staid a little spell there,
Then vale and fare-you-well there
For that was all.

And still when I come back there
I love to call
And just exchange a greeting
With those who have been keeping
The memories of Auld Lang Syne
Safely withal.

How pleasant 'tis to find there
That one and all
Who knew us years ago
Are neither queer or slow
In they way they take to show
Good will not small.

Is there elsewhere a country
On God's green earth
Where hearts are e're more true
And seek to show to you
In kind ways not a few
Love's sterling worth?

42 MONADNOCK

I see you, old mount, in the midst of your wood,
With your summit cloud-crowned in the sun.
Standing boldly, majestically, where you have stood
Since the days of creation begun.

You saw the great trees of the forest arise
And tower in strength at your feet;
You laughed, when the hurrying storm swept the skies,
And the wild tempest over you beat.

You saw the great trees of the forest lie low,
And a new forest rise in its place,
You stood by while centuries, measured and slow,
Worked their will upon Dame Nature's face.

I fear as I think of your numberless years
And the eyes that have sought you of old,
Of the loves and the hates and the joys and the fears,
That under your shadows were told.

I tremble with awe at the world you have seen,
Reaching back to the portals of time;
At the thought of the ages that roll between
The date of your end and mine.

But you a mountain and I a man
Our mission was, each to be,
So stand still in your place and I will stand
In the place God gave to me.

43 MAN

One thought is ever with me, how can I best express
The dignity of manhood and life's own sacredness?
Higher than all dogma, philosophy or creed,
Is the claim of human love and the call of human need.

God dwells not in mysterious things that mind should fail to solve
In theories, the spiders' webs that cunning brains evolve,—
The Sinais and the Meccas, traditions of the past,
Were for those times and peoples in which their light was cast.

Why should I fight with phantoms and all those shades obscure
While human needs confront me and present wrongs endure?
While Christ, "the poor and needy," haunts street and garret dim,
How childish seems our flattery in temples named for him.

Why tell of "loaves and fishes" once to the people given,
Of glory to a master "away off there" in heaven,
While we stone the modern prophet and jail the modern Christ
And rear the tombs of martyrs that we helped to sacrifice.

I think Christ meant the temple and the altar should be MAN,
And that each should join its service was the simple gospel plan;
His sweet life sanctified it, but so may yours and mine
If we fill our proper places in the infinite design.

Not fearing men's devices or the hoodoos of the knaves
Who bind tradition's burdens on the trembling backs of slaves;
But placing Love upon the throne with Reason at her side
What power shall overcome us or what can ill betide?

TASTES DIFFER

The circus has its charms for some,
The evening concert on the lighted square;
Baseball and football make, for others, fun,
But truth to tell, for these I do not care.

To sit absorbed in expert checker play,
Or listen to the click of ivory dice,
With cards and pool to while the time away,
I do not like, or any such device.

The ball-room and the stage together thrown,
With all their trappings and fine artful shams,
Find no responsive longings of my own;
The "stocks" man finds me not among his "lambs."

I love my home, my children and my wife;
I love the friendship of my fellow men;
I love the pleasant, comely things of life,
An equal vantage and a fearless pen.

I love to note the passing of events
Which prove that justice, truth and love grow strong,
That wisdom is at last the common sense;
(Force reigned with folly and they both were wrong)!

I love to taste a little here and there
Of earthly blessings God designed to give;
Good food, good raiment, shelter and a share
Of ordered leasure while this life I live.

And dearly I should love in time to come,
When I have earned a time to call my own,
To see this world, each land beneath the sun,
And every sea below the starry dome.

Just to enjoy what God has made for man,
And learn more wisely to revere His name;
As I spelled out His love in all His plan,
And saw the wisdom of His every aim.

---

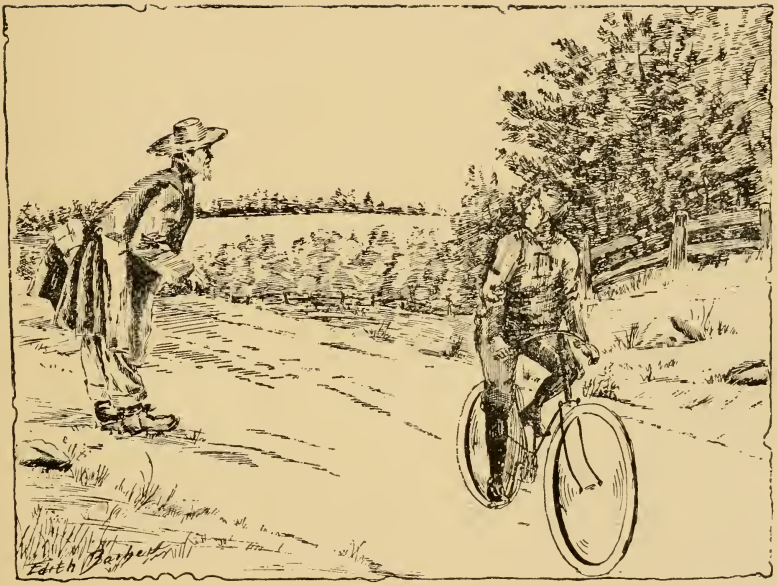
45 THE PASSING OF THE YEAR

The earth in its ceaseless circles
Brings the New Year back to our door,
To hearts grown weary of striving,
To hearts that are heavy and sore.

Life ought to be happy and useful,
And labor should always increase;
But alas for the toilers, forever
Who toil, while their scant stores decrease.

And alas for those poor standing idle,
While debts bear them down in the stream,
To begging, crime and the brothel,
To horrors that numb like a dream.

Old Earth you are deaf to entreaty,
Indeed you are never to blame;
But couldn't you go out of business
If life's to be ever the same?



"NOW I RACE ALONG THE CENTER OF THE SOLID TURNPIKE ROAD."

(See page 52.)

We strike in with such grand resolutions,
To be and to do and to dare;
But a week at the longest and most of us
Must acknowledge defeat for our share.

Injustice stalks by in the highway,
While right edges on by the fence;
Force gobbles the puddings and turkies,
While the weak gaze in hungry suspense.

It was thus with the year in its passing;
'Twil be thus for a twelve month more;
Perchance 'twil be thus forever,
As it has been forever before.

I know there are more things that gladden,
And life without worry is good.
Faith that comes with food, clothing and shelter.
Is a faith that comes not as it should.

Be you pinched in the straight vice of poverty,
Rolled in the hard gutter of want,
Lean-limbed, hungry-souled and empty,
Loveless-eyed, hollow and gaunt.

And then if faith still remains with you,
Hope and love to the favored and fed.
Such faith is the pure coin of heaven,
Though reward may not come till you're dead.

---

46 THE LAY OF THE UNEMPLOYED

Empty is the poor man's barrel,
Every speck of flour is fled,
Happy thought, now softly whisper,
"Lord, give us our daily bread."

Work shut down, the worker tramping,
"Vainly looking for a job,"
Starving little children crying;
Hear the poor wife sob.

Hear the clink of golden millions,
Growing larger every day,
The President gets his $50,000,
But the devil is to pay!

Homes are falling all around us,
Merchants driven to the wall;
Maidens sell their souls for mammon,
Did ye "see the sparrow fall?"

Ask ye "is there a God in Israel?"
Rather ask "is manhood dead?"
Man to man has been inhuman,
Else why lack for daily bread?

Justice will not always slumber,
When he wakes, ye rich beware!
If you fail to solve those problems,
Blood and rapine you shall share,

For your souls have swelled in pride,
Gold alone has been your trust,
Labor has been crucified,
Manhood trampled in the dust.

47

FREE SILVER

For a second time this season have the trees been dressed in ice clothes and the warm rays of the sun have been playing wonderous tricks with the frost-laden boughs. Yesterday the tree tops glittered more brilliantly than the gems in milady's jewel box, and when the sun went down and the breeze came out the ice cracked from the limbs and fell with a tinkling sound to the ground below. Although during the day the trees were a beautiful sight, they were no less so when the evening luminary shed its bright light upon them. The icy branches in spired the following lines:

The night had hung dark with the rain-clouds,
That followed the sleet and the snow,
But morning came full-orbed and glorious
As any a mortal could know.

But cold with the breath of December,
And bitter frost filling the air,
The mints of Dame Nature were coining
Free silver enough and to spare.

Against the clear blue of the heavens,
Beside the white background of snow,
Hung pendent from bushes and branches
Such shapes as her handiwork show.

In spite of the doings of congress,
Of which there is much that is dark,
When Dame Nature strikes out for free silver,
She hits the bulls-eye of the mark.

And last night, as I witnessed the sunset,
O'er the hills of the west, bleek and cold,
As yellow as coin, "good in Europe,"
The white was at par with the gold.

---

48 JUST ABOVE THE COLLAR BONE

"Why, my dear Christian friend," I remarked to a poetical friend of mine Tuesday, "you look like the demon of Pluto. You are positively ill." "'Tis nothing," he replied, with a weak, wan smile. "I have been struggling with the muses all the morning." "Indeed, and how many times did they throw you?" "Once out of three. Here is the result." And he pressed a manuscript, containing the following, into my reluctant hand:

After the banks had busted,
After they cleared the wreck,
After the ball was over,
We got it in the neck.

The mills and shops and factories
Had stopped for funds, I expect.
But when again they started up,
We got it in the neck.

But rents are as high as ever,
Groceries and clothes are dear;
In the edge of the winter weather
What will the children wear?

A ten per cent. reduction
They trot upon the deck,
After the bankers' picnic
We got it in the neck.

So labor shoulders the burden
At capital's pittiless beck,
And struggles on with this millstone
Hung to its bleeding neck.

---

49 A CALL ON DAME CRICKET

I called on Dame Cricket quite early this morning
The grass was all dewy with gray cobwebs spread,
I rapped on the dry stump to give her a warning,
Dame Cricket peeped out of the hole for a bed.

"Chirp, chirp," said Dame Cricket, her scaly wings rustled
And like little black diamonds her beady eyes shone,
All over the stump top her progeny hustled,
I think though that old Mr. Cricket was gone.

"Mrs. Cricket, quoth I, you are black as Erybus,
And all of your children take after you quite,
Your chirp makes us shudder, you much terrify us,
Your shape casts a shadow within the deep night."

"Mr. Man," cried Dame Cricket, "too much you're intruding,
Your language uncivil, no lady should hear."
Then she lightly sprang o'er me, her long shanks protruding,
And a series of wingblasts cut into my ear.

Let me paint you this cricket, this black little cricket,
I'm sure I can't paint it half as black as it is.
For its swift speeding blackness was lost in the thicket,
And its musical wings disappeared with a whiz.

50 TO THE CAPITALIST

You may keep your gold, my brother.
  Dug out of God's great hills;
You may keep your banks and counters,
  Your railroads and your mills;
They vex God's earth with blistering bands,
They mar her face where a city stands,
They oppress the poor with their helpless hands
  And their puny weakened wills.

But never on me, my brother,
  Shall your yoke of usury fall,
My hand shall be free, my brother,
  And open indeed to all,
And the hills and the vales of God's fair earth,
The far blue sky where the clouds have birth,
The stars that shine in the heaven's girth,
  My very own, I call.

The wealth of the eye, my brother,
  Of touch, sound, taste and smell,
The treasures of thought and fancy,
  Such as no tongue can tell;
These are the riches that cheer me,
These are the creatures that hear me,
They come at my call, they are near me,
  I know their value well.

I pray you, my burdened brother,
  With shares and with stocks oppressed,
In folly dividing your baubles,
  Filled with eternal unrest;
Come back like a child to your mother,
She calls you as never another,
Become her defender, her lover,
  The wealth of the Lord is best.

51

THE HUNTERS

Do you ever think, who dwell in towns,
Mid its ceaseless turmoil and roar,
Of the wooded vale where the mountain frowns
On the river's silent shore?

Where the wood life dwells in security,
'Neath the sun of a summer day,
Where the birds and beasts and fishes be,
And pursue their fearless way.

Ah! well it is that the hunter's horn
Does never their haunt invade,
Or the hunter's dog or the hunter's gun,
Their souls to make afraid.

And every sort of life that lives
Goes roaming o'er earth or sea,
And hunts its prey, the good God gives,
Whatever that prey may be.

But of all the hunters, that roam the earth,
There is none like man so bold,
So pittiless, cruel and hard of heart,
So deadly his hands take hold.

For he reaches forth a hundred yards,
With a little hollow tube,
And he sets the cruel jaws of a trap
In the muskrat's solitude.

The skimming water-fly hides his dart,
He wields the net and the snare,
For the winged, the finned and the furry tribe
There's no peace if he is there.

52 THE DOG

When God creation's work laid out,
While yet the world was new,
He had a purpose fair, no doubt,
For all he brought to view.

But while He rested Satan fell,
With all his nasty crowd,
"Without" into the depths of hell,
With howling long and loud.

And there, amid the cast-off throng,
The good book names them o'er,
The dog is first pronounced and strong
And shall be evermore!

"Without are dogs and sorcerers"
And imps of low degree,
God never made the dog, I think,
The devil's own is he!

And when I reach St. Peter's gate,
If Peter lets me in,
I'll find no dogs in that fair land,
There are no dogs "within."

53 THE KNIFE AND THE SPEAR

Fingers were made before forks, they say,
As they daintily pick at the bone,
And our forebears ate soup with a crotched stick
From a chaldron of hollowed stone.

But man has advanced from that savage state,
Through many a fateful year,
And he now takes food in a way sedate
With a wonderful four-tined spear.

And now with a four-tined spear eats he,
Be it beans or mush or pie,
And he scorns the knife that his fathers used,
Though he never can tell you why.

I'd as live's be stabbed with a knife, my son,
As empalled on a four-tined spear,
It isn't the tools, but the grub, my son,
That's worried me forty year.

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54 THE MUSKRAT AND THE WOODCHUCK AS WEATHER PROPHETS

Mr. Muskrat built his nest
Close by the water's brim,
And every weather sharp in town
They took their tips from him!

Because they said the muskrat knows
How high the floods will rise,
Before the springtime comes again,
You bet, the muskrat's wise!

But he *may* know and he *may* not,
My son, you hear to me,
And pattern from the woodchuck
Or coon up in the tree!

Then when the soft wind brings the rain,
And every brook runs high,
You'll laugh! You haven't built in vain,
Your house stands snug and dry!

"A BRICK-BUILT CITY LYING 'NEATH THE SUN."

(See page 111.)

55 LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES, No. 1

Car Fares and Other Affairs. A Dun-Colored Nag. A Philanthropist Who Finally Died. More Pleasant Themes.

On my way to Sanbornville, Monday morning, October 25, as I sank into the only vacant seat in the car, and curiously enough, found for my neighbor the same man who rode up to Rochester beside me a year ago on a similar trip. I could tell by the standing-room-only appearance that it was bargain day with the railroad and it occured to me that I would like to know just how much per mile my fellow travellers were paying, not for publication of course, but only just have a modest little blackboard at the end of the car and as Thomas Smith, wood chopper, at seventy-five cents per cord, paid his three or four cents per mile on a "plebe" ticket, have his name, occupation and price flashed before the passengers. Next, the Rev. Fiddle, D. D., on his half fare or dead head rate. Then, as Judge Dough Head squirms uneasily beside a horny fisted farmer bearing an excursion or bargain ticket, pulled out his yellow colored "for advertising" mileage, have that, too, flashed on the blackboard, together with the hard worked "reporter," who may be a pencil-pusher or a fifth cousin of an up-country editor, whose paper is embelished with a last summer's time table, which hasn't been changed for so long that it might as well refer to travel in South Afriea, bearing a trip pass with special conditions as to baggage and accidents on the back. This little diversion would relieve the tedium while the conductor was siezing up his crowd and divert attention from the sleepy gentleman who is trying manfully to cut that functionary direct and when this ungentlemanly

conduct fails, makes an effort to convince him that he paid the train boy by mistake. Such people never make that mistake, and "de boss of de train" knows it right well. The people who were trying to patronize the road by standing in the alley and out on the cinder-swept platform while they mopped the soot from their faces and looked happy, reminded me of the grand rush of prosperous purchasers to a department store when a sale of two-cent cotton handkerchiefs, damaged corsets and rubberless suspenders was going on, fifth floor to the right, take the elevator, and I remarked to my last year's acquaintance that it was a pity that public business couldn't be conducted according to modern business methods more than it is. For instance, there is known to be a deficit of eight or ten million dollars a year in the post office department. Now, if just before the fiscal year closes, the government would inaugurate a bargain sale of postage stamps at say thirteen cents a dozen, and throw in one where the purchaser is an old friend, with a yellow kind for persons of influence or those who have promoted the sale of them, to be given free. Postal cards could be put up at this bargain sale at five cents a dozen, ten for twenty-five, and so on, and still leave a magin of profit. Wealthy people and dead heads could stock up and the year would close with no deficit and our statesmen could take comfort in knowing that they were able financieers and the public business was at last being conducted just like private business.

On an unfenced space near the Dover depot, in front of a Chicago beef house that furnishes Dover with its meat, I saw a dun-colored, lank-geared, old plug with a stubby tail, attached to a delivery wagon, leave his moorings and veer around into the center of the grass patch. A chappie with a white crushed hat, a coffin nail clinched in his firm set lips, and an air of determination, made a break from the sidewalk, cantered over to the poor old horse that was

quietly feeding and minding his own business, grabbed him by the bits and after yanking his poor old head around quite heroically, leaped on the seat and belabored him back to the beef warehouse, and as he disappeared inside to get the reward, the old horse with sundry eloquent switches of his stubby tail, plodded back again, and the passengers smiled.

As I whirled toward Rochester, I passed the old ladies' home now building at a cost of ten thousand dollars, the gift of a Mr. Wentworth of Boston, who, I am told, believes in using his money to build his monuments while he lives, personally selecting his beneficiaries and expending his money. This is the correct way and when I get through canvassing for the PIONEER and other papers I shall do that way myself. It is such a comfort to know that one's millions go to deserving parties who are poor, but too honest to be rich. My friend told me a story of a very rich man who had been thrifty and prudent and kept an old farm of his father's, first, because he couldn't sell it, and afterward, owing to the proximity of some mills, because a lot of folks seemed to want it, and finally sold small chunks of it for large chunks of wealth and became rich, and lived to enjoy the sensation till his relatives thought he never would die. He bragged so much about being a self-made man, it was feared that he had made himself in such a way that he would outlast everybody else. But he didn't, and when sympathizing friends asked his oldest boy how much the old man left, he replied, with evident satisfaction, that he left "every devilish cent."

Turning from the above to more pleasant themes, I arrived at Sanbornville with two grips and a well-defined appetite, left one of the grips and evidence of the appetite at the Sanborn House (free) and went up through Brookfield, stopping over night at John C. Pike's, the same as last year. Mr. Pike reports that he has taken two crops off a part of his land this year in

spite of the partial failure. His potatoes were light; if I remember right he "sewed" 14 bushels and got eight, but the second crop was better; he had already taken off nine two horse-loads and the land produces like that out in Illinois, which a returning deponent averred yielded so much wheat that they had to take off a crop of corn every third year to reduce the richness.

The nicest house building this year in Wolfeboro is that of Frank Hutchins at the Falls. It is very much like the house spoken of in St. Mathew in one respect, as it is founded on a rock, which it cost Frank a lot of large fifty-two-cent dollars to blast out. When I quoted scripture to him, he thought it was more like a blasted ledge than anything else. It reminded me of Berlin, where the city authorities had to go two miles up the gulch to find soil enough for a grave yard.

"We didn't always live here," said a silver haired old mother in South Wolfeboro. "We owned a nice set of farm buildings on a farm in Alton, but were burned out." "Insurance?" "No, and that is a peculiar part of it. Husband was going away to be gone some time and I asked him if he hadn't better get the insurance, which had just lapsed, renewed. 'I am never afraid with you at home,' he said and went away. While he was gone, one evening, the hired boy came in and set down by the stove; a moment later an unaccountable roaring filled my ears, and I looked up to see the face of the boy as white as a ghost. 'The barn is all afire,' he shouted, and rushed from the house. The house, barn, sheds, all went. The accumulations of years, and here we are, but that loss was as nothing," said the poor woman almost sobbing. "When poor Mamie died, twenty, our idol, it seemed as though I couldn't have it so, but God took her; with never an unkind word, gentle and pleasant to everyone." I don't know why it is, but I hear these little life stories every day and all impotent to help, but it teaches me that human sorrows and human joys are largely the same, and "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

56 THE VANDAL'S HAND

Among the sun-kissed summits,
Of the mountains that I love,
The vandal's hand its dastard work has done.
The same are all the sky tints,
In cloud-land just above,
But the forests as they used to be are gone!

Like a moth-eaten garment
Seem the breasts that once were green,
Those broad shoulders that pressed against the sky!
Where ax and fire has bared them,
Their nakedness is seen!
In brokeness and ashes there they lie!

Oh! Years of rain and sunshine,
Come, hide these ghastly stones
Beneath another covering of green.
The poet, yea, and nature,
And all creation groans
Until Time's softer hand shall intervene.

57 LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES, No. 2

A Flood of Memories, Anent H. W. Blair. Around the Ossipees. Prof Allard and Sleepy Hollow. Adams' Ornamented Stone Wall in Sandwich. A Hole in the Mountain.

As I take up the pencil, I inadvertently swiped from the new postmaster at Center Ossipee,a flood of memories, and so forth, comes over me. If this meets the eye of the above-mentioned postmaster, I would say: "In the future tie a string on your lead pencil and fasten it to some stationary object—a block of paper wouldn't do."

Up in Pleasant Valley I stopped over night with a gentleman who served on a jury at Ossipee Corner the year that C. A. Sulloway was running for congress the first time, and Brother Blair was looking over his fences under the impression that he was running for the United States senate. Ossipee Corner, with the session of the court and half a dozen politicians on its hands, was one grand whirl of excitement, and as my friend was gazing on the maddening crowds, a tall, fine-looking gentleman, who might have been improved by a hair cut, placed his arm familiarly around his shoulder and begged of him to overlook such rudeness in a stranger and take a walk.

"The fact is," said the big man, "I'm lonesome and want some one to talk to."

Think of it; lonesome at Ossipee Corner in court time.

"Well," said my friend, "we walked out to the suburbs, and the tall stranger was true to his word—he talked. I mistrusted he could in the first place. He seemed to regard me as a encyclopœdia of information in reference to Carroll county politics, and as we neared the hotel, on our return, he asked me candidly if I knew Henry W. Blair personally. 'No, stranger,' says I, I don't know Blair personally, but my opinion is, that, as to the senate, he doesn't stand any more chance than a louse in purgatory. The tall man wrung my hand warmly. 'Thank you, my friend, thank you;' and with that he whipped out a card case and presented me one. After he had gone in search of further information, I looked at the card. It read: 'Henry W. Blair.' I am keeping it among my souvenirs."

The moral is this: When talking with strangers and chance acquaintances, be honest and frank and cheerful, and they will respect you for it.

The past week I have been around the Ossipee mountains again. My kind friend, Lon Moody, rendered me considerable assistance with his little gray mare in ascending and descending the mountains of Tuftonboro and nearly to

Smoky Hollow on the road to Melvin Village. There is an elderly gentleman living here, named Allard, who was a professor in several prominent educational institutions, in Massachusetts, I believe, until his failing eyesight compelled him to relinquish it. I became eyes for him one evening, at my host Allard's, in wading through the murderous sensations of the daily press.

We sometimes say, as we see the papers loaded with this sort of matter day after day, that the world is growing worse. We do not stop to consider the millions of good, well-behaved people — like your folks and my folks — who never figure in such notorious cases, and we do not consider the great advance in methods of collecting and disseminating news. Practically the whole world lays open before us at our breakfast table, up to midnight of the night before. And once a week the PIONEER comes home from the postoffice freighted with the weal and woe of Carroll county. No one need blame anybody but themselves if they are not well informed.

What I started to say was, that Prof. Allard has named this delightful little suburb of Melvin Village "Sleepy Hollow," and as it is only smoky part of the time, while I should judge it was sleepy all the time, I think Brother Allard's name will stick.

Did you ever see the massive stone wall, wide enough for a coach and four to traverse the top, built of split granite by the late Isaac Adams, at Sandwich Lower Corner? It is one of the sights of Carroll county, as prominent as Ordination Rock or the Washington Boulder. Mr. Adams built it mainly to employ people out of work. He also planted hundreds of acres of pine trees in this neighborhood and set out several fine orchards. At the upper end of his great wall he erected statuary representing two distressful females, who seem to be in some sort of a predicament, one of them evidently right from the bath tub, without a rag of clothing on, while her metallic hair is hanging

down her back. Her head is modestly jammed in the folds of the other lady's clothing, and on the whole I think she appears better than that horrid bacchante creature that the daily press exposed so nobly some time since.

Friday morning the ground was white with snow for the first time this year, and when the clouds broke away in the afternoon and all day Saturday as I journeyed down the valley of the Bearcamp river toward Ossipee Valley, the sight of the Sandwich range of mountains was grand beyond description, and it almost made me long to linger longer, even if I did not make a cent.

But the spirit of commercialism was upon me to bring a knowledge of the PIONEER to the heathen who sit in darkness, and so I turned my back on the grand sight and "clim" up into the pocket of the Ossipee mountains, so to speak. That is, I went out towards Roberts' mills two or three miles in company, part of the way, with the Rev. Charles W. Helme. Mr. Helme is laboring in a very stony field, and Little Pitchers might make it still stonier by flippant and sarcastic remarks, but God knows, the poor people who live in this hole in the mountains have a hard enough time of it, and I am glad a minister is found who will try and ameliorate their condition and rough it with them.

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58 CORN ON THE COB

Many users of corn now prefer to have it "canned on the cob" in gallon cans, and if they want to pay for the cobs, for the sake of gnawing it off, I'm willing, but "'tain't for me," as the Frenchman remarked.

By gar! P'raps you tink I wants ma corn
Jus' same one big fat coon,
Dat sly fellah 'at comes 'round 'bout night,
W'en de field's all light by de moon.

You tink ah'm hedge hog, by gar!
Well I guess dat ain't me,
Ah likes ma corn bile jus' same pea soup
An' eat with a beg-beg spoon! See?

Dem fellahs dey got de money to burn,
P'raps dey ken pay for de cobs,
But w'en I buy corn, by gar! I want corn,
De res' I give to my hogs!

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59 LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES, No. 3

An Acquaintance who wanted to pull my boots off with his teeth. Redstone Granite. Fryeburg's Ennui. A gentleman who has visited Heaven and Hell. "Seven to Eight" Miles to Porter. The Country Parson of Parsonsfield. "Middle Road."

The past week has given us a complete gamut of New England weather, leaving nothing to be desired, in fact, I should never have thought of asking for most of the samples we have had, illustrating the fact, that the boss of the weather bureau is willing to provide us more than we ask or think.

I renewed many acquaintances in Conway while making a cursory trip through the different parts of the town, and found some new ones. Out near the Moat Mountain House I was heartily greated by the representative of a well-known summer boarding house, who endeavored to pull my boots off with teeth as I was leaving the grounds,

probably because he desired me to remain a while. The house would perhaps be better known but for the aforesaid representatives, as the reporters of the mountain journals seemed distinctly averse to his attentions and wouldn't enter the grounds. As for me, I always go in where they keep a dog, so that the dear people who take this way to show their courtesy to strangers need labor under no misapprehension as to the value of a dog for defensive purposes. The dog I refer to, doesn't even know the difference between neighbors and strangers, and bites them indiscriminately. Still it is a fine thing to keep a dog—except when the tax assessor comes around. It is a pity that the amiable creatures, with their concilitory ways and sweet and courteous salutations, should be taxed at all.

I visited the Redstone quarry and there learned that orders have been received which will keep the works running all winter, which will be good news to Conway people who have been expecting a complete shut-down. This granite is one of the finest for monumental work and presents a fine appearance when polished, though the grain is not so compact and durable as the black granite. Thousands of tons are annually ground up for the building of streets, and thousands of paving blocks are also shipped from this quarry.

I made a brief visit to Fryeburg with Mr. P. H. Potter, friends S. W. Fife, Esq, and John Weston. Fryeburg wears that air of aristocratic *ennui* which makes it a typical New England academy town.

I also met a gentleman who told me he had visited heaven and hell, and described them in the conventional way, but when I pinned him for information regarding relatives and others who are at present supposed to be stopping in one or the other of these famous resorts, he could give me no practical information. He said he prayed for the privilege of going there, and I presume he made such a piece of work about it that the petition had to be granted

to keep peace in the family. As he is one of a thousand I will send his address to any one who may wish further information, on receipt of two cents for return postage.

Some one told me that it was seven or eight miles from Fryeburg to Porter, and I struck out in that direction with a vague, indefinable feeling that I must hold myself in or I should get there too soon, but after I had travelled seven miles through Brownfield, up hill and down dale, and found three occupied houses and a school house, and arrived at a lone guideboard which informed me that Porter was still ten miles away, I decided that Brownfield was a great country. My plan being to take in Porter, Parsonsfield, Acton and Newfield, I guess the hills wont give out to any alarming extent yet. Many of the people have a habit of planting their domicils at the end of lanes, in from the roads some 25 or 50 rods, which while not open to the objection of a civilized christian keeping a half domesticated wolf on his premises, is still a source of anoyance to peddlers and newspaper men, and I presume the next time I come around the matter will be attended to. I just thought I would speak about it.

Today, Sunday, is a beautiful sunshiny day, such a one as my host, the weather prophet, says is a promise of a howling snow storm for tomorrow—charming prosepct. I have attended the old box-pewed church at Parsonsfield (Middle Road) today and listened to a Thanksgiving sermon by Rev. Mr. Smith of Freedom. I have heard the recipients of $4000 salaries in some of our large cities who could not improve on this back country sermon, and I was sorry when I learned that this was to be his farewell sermon at Parsonsfield, as there seems to be a people there who appreciate good preaching.

60

FOUR GUV'NERS

They're a boomin' big in Freedom town,
With style enough for ten,
They've corralled four guv'ners of renown,
Four great and doughty men.

That's what the elder said they was,
An' faith, I guess he knew,
"They stand as pillers of our laws,
An' push our mandates through."

But when I seen them fellers there,
It took me by surprise;
They want no bigget'n other folks,
An' didn't look as wise

As some folks I've seen prancin' around
An' blowin' out hot air.
Whatever made them guv'ners
Just beats me, I declare.

I rather guess the real big men,
That's runnin' our machine,
Keeps out of sight, but pulls the ropes
That shifts the changin' scene.

But it must be quite comfortin'
To prance around in style,
An' show the folks THEIR guv'ners,
While the big bosses smile.

I wish the horney fisted men,
Whose toil in every field
Brings harmony out of chaos
An' makes earth's problems yield.
I wish them men had holt the ropes,
An' run 'em for a while;
We'd keep our guv'ners for biz,
An' not so much for style.

61 LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES, NO. 4

The Beautiful Snow. Places I Have Visited. Pine River Poetry. Dr. Dearborn and Dr. Bill Parsons.

IN THE DRIFT, January 4, 1905.

The beautiful snow is two feet deep and still falling in this neck of the woods and for once LITTLE PITCHERS has crawled into his hole and pulled the hole in after him, and as I can't exist without doing something, I herewith drop you a few lines to let you know, etc.

I have visited "Pork Hill," "Middle Road," "Drake's Corner," "Taylor City," "Pine River" and various other well-known and populous centers hereabouts, Passing on the road by Province Pond and the foot of Getchell mountain, upon whose summit hangs the clothes-line that seperates New Hampshire from Maine, the birthplace of Brother Dorr of the PIONEER. The house is gone to decay somewhat, and the place is, I presume,like a good many others in this section, held merely for speculative purposes by lumbermen or parties looking for prospective summer residences. I know a place of this kind, near Taylor City, that sold recently for four hundred dollars with fifty acres of land and a house and barn in fair condition, with plenty of fruit and good water. Luther Neal was the purchaser, and it would make some one a very pleasant summer home, as from its door-yard is an elegant view of Mount Washington towering in the north-western sky forty miles away.

Speaking of Pine river, reminds me of the hundreds of giant hard pines that stood on the Pine river plains between

Duncan lake and the foot of Green mountain. Until the heavy snow fall in November last, that worked such havoc with the telephone and telegraph wires all through this section, when in great numbers they were borne to the earth, throwing up great mounds of earth as they fell. In the following blank verse I have treated the subject with great freedom and poetic license. I can write blanker verse than this, but I won't, for fear Governor McLane might try to capture me for New Hampshire's poet lauriate and chuck me on his staff as a colonel, and my limited income won't permit me to squander the amount necessary to buy epauletes and sword and the necessary regalia. I could stand the feed all right, but no hand for dress parade. Here are the verses:

The Monarch of Pine River Plains

I've stood here on this sandy soil
Where the uneven grindings of a glacial age
Invite no tiller's plow. Where here and there
A wandering boulder from the mountain slopes
Has strayed and stayed upon these barren plains.
The fierce winds from Chocorua have battled me.
I've shook defiance in their roaring face
With limbs like fists.
I've stood here when a seething flame,
Like furnace fires, has swirled and roared around me.
I have not flinched.
For men have come and lived and died and gone.
The years have sped on, one by one.
And winter's cold and summer's heat
Have left their impress in the heart of me.
But when the east wind with its laden breath
Of moist but freezing snow erst-wile came on,
I fought a losing battle and my last.
I did not fear the north wind or the west,
I did not fear the seasons or the flame;
I faced each foe undaunted 'till the last.

But when the east wind came with white winged masses
Catching at my needly mane
And hanging, hanging 'till they bore me down at last.
Then lost I heart, and as to earth I fell,
My feet, buried deep in the gravel beds,
Heaved up my monument among the rustling scrub oaks
And withe-like birches, that grow up in a day
And perish in a night.
I've had my day and it has been a long one,
But my time to fall has come.
What wind and fire and storm could not do,
Snow, clinging tenaciously and bound by frost, has done!
The monarch bows at last!

There is something sad and pathetic in the passing of the giant forest trees, as there is in the passing of the familiar personalities of our one-time friends. John M. Drake of Pine River, Postmaster Whitaker of North Conway and Dr. Dearborn of Maplewood are among those that we readily call to mind in this connection.

Of Dr. Dearborn it was said, that when he found an account on his books for medical services against some one whom to press payment would cause hardship, he would draw his pencil through the account with the remark: "There, that pays that."

This reminds me of a well-known Manchester physician, Dr. "Bill" Parsons. Some one asked him what his rates were, and he replied: "Well, if you are poor, give me a dollar a visit." "But, if I am not poor," persisted his questioner. "Why then, my rate," says Dr. Bill, "will be one dollar and fifty cents." Like most doctors, he tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, and very properly charged according to means.

Speaking of this, reminds me of old pedler Cooper of Colebrook, N. H., who used to have a string of dogs tied to his cart and as he went along the road, would inquire of

good housewife, who didn't seem to be possessed of the luxury of a dog: "Be ye poor? If ye are cut ye off a dog, and if ye are d——n poor, cut ye off two." A dog is a great solace in poverty. If worse comes to worse, you can make a chowder of him.

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62 A NAME SO SMALL

I was at North Conway one day and, while passing along by and below the towering cliffs on the west side that cast their long shadows athwart the valley in the westward sinking sun, I had one of my spasms, and the following was the melancholy result.

A thousand feet in the air
The great wall stands,
And I bow down before it
With helpless hands.

In a million years 'twas made,
And then one day,
'Twas given the name of a man,
Now turned to clay!

Better to never have named
Yon towering wall,
Than hang to its noble crown
A name so small!

63 ANOTHER OF CLAFLIN'S RAMBLES

The Northwood Turnpike and how it was Surveyed. One of the Pinkham Family. The Hindoo Machine Regulates the Weather.

In going up the valley of the Lamprey river from Raymond, about half a mile beyond J. Albert Whittier's, one turns to the left and crosses a bridge which was carried away by the flood of two years ago and begins the long ascent, which, passing through South Deerfield on a high and ascending ridge, terminates in Leavitt's Hill, and still further in Mount Delight, near the line of Allenstown. I say one begins the ascent, having done so, I turned abruptly to the right and went down into one of the side valleys of the Lamprey, parallel with the aforesaid ridge. There is a road running through this valley which nobody seems to know the name of, at least, I asked a number, and they could not tell me. For the information of those who do not know, I will say that it is not Deerfield Avenue, or Butternut Park. I have it on unimpeachable authority, that the real, old, original name is Pig street.

Speaking of the Lamprey river, I have been told that it had its source in the Pawtuckaway ponds, but this is a mistake. It rises among the hilltops back of Blake's hill, in Northwood, and flows down by Coffee town, James city, where is a fine water power, by the Newmarket mills into Great Bay.

At Deerfield Centre I made the acquaintance of Rev. C. W. Nelson, a whole-souled Methodist preacher, who always has an extra plate on his table for the unexpected newspaper man or other guest. Mr. Nelson was born in Hebron, N. H., near the beautiful Newfound lake, and

neighbor to War-Governor Nathaniel S. Berry, whom he said "he remembered ever since he could remember anything, and," he added, "a nobler man never lived." There are quite a number of Swedes located on farms in Deerfield, but still, there are many farms, with or without buildings, awaiting steady and industrious workers. One road contained no less than six farms, only two of which are occupied. The writer and journalist, G. Waldo Browne of Manchester, owns one of these farms, where I believe he was born, and rumor has it, that he proposes this summer to come here and try farming. I think I will call around about haying time and see how he gets on. A friend of Mr. Browne, Martin W. Hoyt, lives out near Deerfield mountain, in a beautiful country home with his pleasant family in quiet seclusion. An omniverious reader. (I sold him six papers for a year and he had many others.) He is college bred and has something of a reputation as a writer, and he is a pleasant man to meet, even if one does have to talk to him through a dinner horn.

I called at the country boarding house and wayside inn, where "ye editor" of the GAZETTE first became interested in his future efficient helpmate, on the old tnrnpike road through Northwood, at the time the telephone line was being built through the town. He was superintending the work and she was spending a few weeks there recovering from a serious illness. Speaking of this turnpike road, reminds me of what my friend, Chas. L. Pinkham near the "Ridge" pole of the county, told me about its construction. It seems that in the early days there was a considerable rivalry between Deerfield and "Nottingham's Northwoods" for the location of the turnpike between Portsmouth and Concord. The surveyors who came through Northwood had instructions to put the mile stones a mile and twenty rods apart, which made the apparent distance a little less than through Deerfield, so Northwood got the turnpike.

Mr. Pinkham lives in hearty country style in a substantial set of buildings, built exclusively by himself, and I violate no confidence when I say that he is one of those, all too few people who believe that farming pays in New Hampshire. He makes it pay, and his secret is very simple. He takes good papers, keeps posted, raises cattle, sheep, berries, butter, eggs, etc., does not keep unnecessary horses, and stays at home about his business. Winter storms and dull days find him in his hoop shop, and he believes in juniper husks in the pastures, if burned about once in eight or ten years, keeps the pasture in good condition for sweet feed. One of Mr. Pinkham's ewes presented him with three lambs a while ago, that will bring him five dollars apiece the latter part of April, right at the barn, if I remember his statement correctly. I have almost decided to hunt up an abandoned farm and move my interesting family onto it, instead of going to the Klondike.

Speaking of the Pinkhams. There were three brothers came over from England and settled in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine. Others may have come over, but these are all I have heard about. And I think Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., helongs to this family.

The morning I called on Dr. D. E. Dudley of Northwood Ridge, the heavy clouds were drifting over that tableland in a very threatening manner, and when I spoke my fears to the venerable doctor, he smiled and told me he would start up his curions Hindoo praying machine and see if we conld not get fair weather. I presume he did, for in a few hours it came off bright and clear and the north winds drove the clouds away. I did not see the machine, which he says is used extensively by the Hindoos to regulate the weather, and other curious mementos of the doctor's extensive travels in India and the far East. I urged him to place the machine on exhibition for the information of the public, but he is disinclined to do so owing to the sensitiveness of some who might feel hurt by the introduction of anything which might in the least savor of rivalry.

I had just left the gentleman headed for Mt. Delight with a wagon-load of milk cans from the Leavitt's hill creamery, when I came across the crookedest mortal I ever met, with the crookedest stick I ever saw to walk with. No camera fiend would ever dare to aim a Kodak at that man, and I did not wonder that he was once pulled in as being teetotally paralyzed. He looked it every inch, and was apparently trying to fall down and could not. I engaged him in conversation and tried to sell him a few newspapers, but he shook me off, and was still shaking as I tripped lightly through the mud towards Highlands postoffice. If his eye should meet this little essay, I hope he will not feel offended if I suggest to him a course of treatment from the Christian scientist class over at Manchester, not mentioning any name of course, as I have no personal grudge against them.

At the home of Mrs. F. J. White, in South Deerfield, I saw a picture representing a nice looking young lady of one hundred, who was born January 28, 1798, and celebrated her birthday with friends from far and near at Merrimack, Mass., last January. Beside her were numberless and varied presents. Her name is Mrs. Sally Weed.

Over at Candia Island I struck up the acquaintance about three years ago of a gentleman who came to this country from Canada many years ago, by the name of John C. Smith. Misfortune was his lot, and upon his decease, about a year ago, he left nothing behind but his relatives and a pair of number ten boots of doubtful value. I referred feelingly to this in one of my business letters to the GAZETTE about that time, and supposed the matter had been suitably attended to, but, not withstanding several obituary notices sent by the postmaster at East Candia, his papers still come regularly to his former address at that place, and as the postmaster does not know just where to forward them, I will say, that Mr. Smith is still very dead, and they might as well be discontinued.

64 AN EASTER HAT

The Writer has an Interesting Time of it, and Cuts Quite a Figure.

I was quietly eating my supper at the boarding house on the Farr Hill road in this village last Saturday night when a casual remark by one of the boarders arrested my attention and as this is the first time my attention was ever arrested I trust I may be excused for telling about it. The remark was commonplace enough. The young man who sells albumns and has a pair of traingular side whiskers spoke up in a tone that carried a deal of meaning to every-one in the dining room, although he was critically eying the plate of large flat beans immediately in front of him at the time, and announced that tomorrow was Easter. This, in and of itself, would not have caused any uneasiness on my part, but when Grubbins, who sits at the end of the table and has to do most of the "thank you" business, chipped in the information that he saw Cadaver, the drug clerk, sneaking up the back stairs to his room with a large hat box the day before, and that worthy colored up and turned the subject to Spanish affairs, the horrible truth flashed over my mind that I was still wearing my last winter's bonnet—and tomorrow was Easter. Now I don't know much about the technical significance of this blessed day I have never raised the question any more than I would the other question why it falls just when it does, but whether it is raised or not, it usually becomes a question of rising. Millinery rises. Spring hats, bonnets and feathers rise, and hard working and poorly paid masculinity also is forced to rise to the occasion, for this is the time of year when, in this latitude, people are expected to bloom out in all the hues of

the rainbow. This is partly owing to religious custom and largely to the exuberant and hopeful scheming of the fair sex, who take advantage of the "rise," so to speak, to stock up for the summer— and we bow to the decree, reverently and prayerfully bow, for we never know what will be to pay if we don't, and we can only guess at the damage anyway.

Immediately after supper, or as soon as I could without attracting attention, I slid out and went down street, and after dodging along the opposite side, and casting glances at the busy scenes in the emporiums of trade across the way, I made a decisive move and brought up in one of the best gent's millinery establishments in the city (of Littleton). Such heavenly scenes! Such ravishing visions of loveliness! Here was a wide-brimmed, soft felt somberero, poised on a projecting limb, with its broad, colored band and its daring crumpled crown. Beside it an airy, jaunty derby, with round top and lovely curling sides, and a ribbon end sticking out, that looked as though it might actually flutter off into the clouds like a bird. In fact, I've seen hats play meaner tricks than that during mud time. Then there was the elegant tall stove-pipe, that is always in order and a decorous state of uprightness, except when its owner unexpectedly falls over the iron dog on the lawn in his midnight efforts to collide with a key hole at number 'steen ninety-eight, three sails in the wind and another flapping. When one of these sanctimonious tiles does fall from grace, the result is positively shocking. The square-crowned masher, the wide visored scorcher cap, the light and flimsey, cute little round-top neglige theatre hat, that one can cram in his pocket and avoid the crush of the fat lady who sits next to him, or does not have to hold in his hand as he gracefully climbes over the obstructing human organisms and chairs to get out and take the fresh air and a clove between the acts. But the darlingest little love of a chapeau in all the aggregation of bewildbring and heavenly creations lies before me as

I write. Did I get it? Well I should blush! I saw a bald-headed gentleman with a wart on the side of his nose looking anxiously at me as I fondled this black-visored beauty. There was a dude with a single English eyeglass clutched by his treatening brow regarding me from the other side of the pant counter, and I feel sure that the muscnlar base ball crank who was jostling before the long mirror with a fore-in-hand tie that looked like an odd piece of webbing on a potato sack, was just dying with envy. (He had to dye anyway to get much of a color on that stubby moustache of his). But what cared I? I was buying a cap just then and I wouldn't have given up my chance at the hat counter for a twenty-eighth interest in a sixty foot claim in the Klondike. I took my time. I placed it square, and tipped it just the teeniest bit back, and regarded the one hundred and ninety pound hayseed blond, sandy-whiskered gent in the glass quite lovingly. I have regarded him quite highly for a long time, but I must say that with that light brown checkered-topped cap, with its black corded band and its scintillating visor, with its two small figured buttons placed coquettishly at the sides, and the eight-inch piece of patent leather strap that encircled the front of it, all his own, my humble opinion i s that he took the cake as he marched into the Unitarian church the following morning, with nothing to mar the Sabbath sweetness of tke occasion, only that he had to take his hat off and carry it in his hand. That's where the fair sex gets an unfair advantage over other folks in this glowing, palpitating Eastertide.

65 THE LUMBERMAN OF SIX MILE POND

Hedge Hog mountain is not very famous in song and story, and yet it was the scene of a remarkable occurance some years ago, according to Mr. Samuel Drew, the poet of the Ossipees, who used to peddle harness oil, etc., around here before, and I don't know but since, I first discovered Carroll county. Here is the song and story alluded to, which has never been set to music:

Old Geehaw was a lumberman,
Who lived at Six Mile Pon',
Old Geehaw had three yoke of steers
With which his logs were drawn.

An' he could draw such strapping loads
You never saw before,
From thirty-five to forty logs,
An' gracious, how he swore!

He piled them high, both fore an' aft,
He spared no sapling spruce,
For sled stakes and a goad stick
As logs he put to use.

* * * * *

So when one day the poet Drew
Looked out of his back "winder,"
You may imagine his surprise
To see old Geehaw's timber!

The pesky crows were toteing it
Away from Six Mile Pon'
To build a nest on Hedge Hog Mount'in,
An' most of it was gone!

P. S.—Now, gentle reader, you may not believe the above and really, I don't care if you don't. If Sam Drew was alive, things might be different.

66 A REMINISCENCE

Bill Sawyer, Zachariah Roode Gardner and Styles McMillan.

As I climbed up the bank at the flag station across the road from the Grafton county farm, a young man with a razzle-dazzled look and slouchy gait got up from his perch near the window and ambled to the door. "How do? Nice day! How do?" he said so rapidly that I didn't have time to discuss the subject consecutively with him, and then he shut up just as quickly and peremptorally as he had begun. I concluded not to disagree with him, because I knew that he was the representative of a public institution, and it might not be safe. I knew a man myself who came up here from Lyme a while ago, by the name of Bill Sawyer. Now he is Colonel William Sawyer, and holds the position of cowdriver and superintendent of the milk transportation department, and he and another man run the farm.

When I was at North Haverhill a few days ago I met Zachariah Roode Gardner and another gentleman who is boarding at present at this famous hotel, and interested in promoting schemes and developing inventions. His latest is a double-breasted, self-acting tin cat-hole, and he told me, by the way, that the company was now being organized to place the same on the market. There is a great field for something of this sort, but I think Zachariah got his idea from the one now in operation at Sleeper's grist mill. I suggested that some of his corps of assistants might develope a patent bark trimmer, a sort of curtailor of dog music, of which I have heard so much in the last three years that it no longer charms me as of yore.

Prof. Gardner is also a native of Lyme and (says) he owns a two hundred acre farm down there near the boulevard in Squint Town. Col. Sawyer is also a landed proprietor in Lyme, or was until he landed in this institution. A Lyme association is now being talked of, the archives of which will be likewise preserved in Lyme. Col. Sawyer's estate consists of three-quarters of an acre of fine gravel for hen feed, some ancient pine stumps, that were there before the revolution, and a one story mansion, thirteen by nineteen, with a lean-to. The house leans too, but it don't lean towards Sawyer's any more. Any one wishing to part company with twenty-five dollars, will be rewarded by applying to Cal Cilley, who, I understand, has the sale of the place. The above advertising is cheerfully done because I once lived in Lyme myself, and anything in reason I can do to help a citizen of the old town shall be done.

And now I hasten on to my reminiscence. In less time than it has taken me to tell it, after I left the railroad train, I was ushered into his presence. A veritable reminscence he was — a little stoop-shouldered, but lithe and brisk as a man of seventy-five, he stood before me and his genial, smiling host introduced him as Styles McMillan, born in 1796 at St. Albans, Vt. When I saw him a little later, trot out to the pump and pump and bring in a large bucket of water, I was half inclined to conclude that Styles had had something happen to his memory which made him about a quarter of a century older than he really was, but when he acknowledged to me that he shook hands with George Washington when he was three years old, and that Mrs. Washington gave him some candy that he didn't eat 'till he was six years old, that he had seen every one of the presidents, took care of Hayes when he was a baby, and a few years ago spent eighty days in the White House, that he had fought in all the wars since 1812, has been around the world three times, scalped and left for dead in the Black Hawk war, traveled with Lafayette, shook hands with Napoleon Bonaparte, that

if there is anything I have not mentioned he didn't do, he would have done it gladly, he is such an obliging old man. He has a pipe made by an Indian chief sixty years ago, but that looks like an ordinary ten or fifteen cent hand-me-on, but Mr. McMillan prizes it higly and smokes it every day.

It is pleasant now and then to meet a personal acquaintance of the father of his country and have him bear witness to the greatness and truthfulness of that good man. Mr McMillan is a good talker, and an enterprising interviewer might acquire some important details in regard to our early history as a nation, as he has been an eye witness of its progress from almost the first.

I don't know whether it's my looks, or ar sort of a frank open manner I have, that brings all these curios my way, but I sort of feel it a duty to tell you of them. I met rather more of them near the county farm than I have any where else this spring.

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67 AN ODD INVENTOR

He made machines but they wouldn't always go.

I ran across a curious genius the other day, and I dare not locate him for fear the full light of publicity might scare him back into the woods, where the spartan band from Haverhill held the fort during the civil war. Suffice it to say, that he don't live in Wildwood nor Bungy, but it's not far from there, and right in plain sight of old Moosilauke mountain. Now, isn't that close? And his name was Absolom Brown, before he was married and became an inventor. As he told Joshua Studley, of Hardscrabble Corner, "I been lots er things, Josh, I have. I been a mason, I

been er bricklayer, I been er blacksmith, I ben er tin tinker, 'n I been er dum jackass," and Josh never said a word.

Absolom informed the writer in a fine outburst of confidence, probably induced by contact with a large, brown cider jug earlier in the day, that he was a "dumned ingenious critter," and then he took me around and showed me his "inventions." It don't take a very sharp fellow, nor a very sober one, to tell that what I don't know about machinists' tools would fill several large cyclopedias, and so Absolm felt entirely safe. He showed me a tenon cutter for wagon spokes that he said he invented. He certainly did invent the thing, which had a quarter-inch cut and would twist the spoke clean off, it was so powerful. Then he fetched up a rigging that looked like a piece of a railroad wreck, and he said he invented that to cut down worn wagon axles. Josh Studley's hired man told me all about that. Uucle Ab would come over and hang around the blacksmith shop at Hardscrabble corner and look at the tools there closely and long. Then he would hie himself home, and oft in the early morning hours his busy hammer and forge would be heard as he fashioned his "inventions." This wire cutter for axels was one of them, and when business was dull and Uncle Ab got restless he would get out his axel machine, hitch up his old horse, and drive out among the farmers to operate it on their wagons. In this way he got a little money, considerable experience and plenty of cider, and came home more or less under the influence of the latter, covered with wheel grease and glory.

The bolt clipper that he next took down to show me was also home made, but it wouldn't come together quite. This he regarded as a masterpiece, and gave me to understand, that if he should launch it out among men of science it would create a furror; and since looking into the matter a little more, I am inclined to think it would. The principal point of difference between Mr. Brown's cutter and those in general use is, that the jaws in his lack about a quarter

of an inch from meeting, which makes it possible to finish the job with a hammer, or crowbar, or any old thing that comes handy.

I advised the inventor not to be too free with these remarkable inventions 'till he got them patented." Now, I am safe enough," said I, "but others might not be."

The great inventor only smiled, and a far-away look came into his eyes as he pointed to a pile of debris on the other side of a big grindsone and turning lathe. "See that?" he asked.

Yes, I saw it. I had been casting furtive glances at it for some time. It looked like a rude attempt at a mer ry-go-round.

"Well," explained Absolom, "that air is a sort of a speeder. All ye got to do is just get onto it and walk, an it turns the lathe an' grindstun, an' blows the bellows for the forge. Oh, it's great. I'm sorry it's broke."

So, was I. It looked as easy to run as an ox cart, and as picturesque as a pine stump fence in winter time; but I didn't pass any remarks, and Absolom went on in a low and awe-stricken voice: "I tell ye what, I got er machine in the house, boxed up, that runs itself. It'll never stop 'till it wears out, an' ye can run it with sand or shot, either one."

After making this startling disclosure, I felt like a visitor welcomed by some ancient priest into the holy of holies. Absolom abruptly strode to the other side of the the shop. "You come 'eer, young feller," he said. "See that?" Yes, I did, and it looked like the windlass to a well with four cranks and several cog wheels that had formerly done duty in a saw mill. "What d'er ye think er that?" he inquired, triumphantly. I hadn't the remotest idea what he wanted me to think of it, and so I discreetly kept silent.

"Well, you've heard tell how they can't overcome a dead center, haint ye.? There's a place where if an engine gets stuck it won't go neither way, that is."

I told him I had, as that seemed to be expected of me, and he continued: "Well, there's a machine that haint got no dead center;" and then the great man posed, while I gazed upon him with admiration suffusing every lineament of my phiz. There was only one thing needed to complete the beatification at that time, and that was supplied by Josh Studley's hired man. "Yes," said he, good naturedly, "he told ye all about them things 'at he invented, an' half on 'em he got over here ter the shop ter work by, an' the rest didn't work. I sh'd thought he'd told ye about his water motor that ye could take an ounce of water an' make it lift twelve pounds. He worked on that machine more'n five straight years, and then he come over here one day an' said he guessed the only trouble with it was that it wouldn't go. Oh, Ab's a good feller, all right enough, an' 'e means well; yer give him about er gallon er cider ter sort er stimulate his idees, an' then 'e's ready fer business, an' if one er you newspaper fellers happens round, he'll fill you up."

There it goes again! There is something about my personal appearence that points me out for a shining mark. There's one advantage in being kind of fresh and spring-like in appearance — one gets acquainted with all the best articles of the most enterprising and versatile liars in the community, and that's worth something; and it's barely possible Uncle Absolom really believes in his own inventions. Every man is a hero in his own mind, you know.

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68 INDUSTRIOUS MRS. BLACKEY

There is an old lady
Lives under a hill,
Rug making, quilt piecing.
As old ladies will.

Since Christmas she built 'em,
Half dozen, or more,
From reefers and trousers,
To cover her floor.

With worn-out print dresses,
Of every known shade,
Thirty-eight hundred pieces,
Two quilts she has made.

She's made a fine garden,
Milked daily two cows,
And is raising a couple
Of fine handsome sows.

She "lugs" all her water
And does her house work,
While tending post office
I-own-her no shirk!

Her age is past eighty,
Her home postal stamp,
Official and weighty's,
Iona, New Hamp.

P. S.—Mrs. Blackey milked those cows twice daily. Also the pigs may have been barrows—Nobody knows the trials of a poet.

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69 CLAFLIN'S RAMBLE, No. 3

Passing events. Some moralizing and a dead secret. Miss Clara Blossom and her beau.

Another year is on the wane, and an eventful year it is to be. Already its record of historic events forms a long and lengthening roll. Men, whom the nation scarcely knew last January, are now famous through the fortunes of war or trade, which is only commercial war. Dewey, Shafter,

Sampson, Schley and Hobson are a few names written in to the war history of the nation indellibly.

In commerce, Leiter has collapsed in the largest wheat deal the world ever saw, not excepting the memorable one in which Joseph of old cornered the wheat and corn of Egypt for seven years, and his pocket book, as well as that of his devoted sire, is "Leiter," whereat there is general rejoicing.

Your humble servant, the Rambler, not believing in war as a general principle, did not order any in his'n, but pursued that even tenor of his ways. I am an optimist, however, and believe most sincerely that immediate and continued good will result from the emancipation of Cuba and Porto Rico from the blight of Spanish misrule.

I would point to such of my readers as fear that Cuba will not become Americanized under our regime that California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Louisiana and Florida were less than 100 years ago, some of them less than 60 years ago, owned and peopled almost wholly by the Latin race. Twenty-five years under the American flag would make Cuba as cosmopolitan and American as Louisiana is today, in my opinion.

Now, brethren, I'm going to let you into a secret. With all this war hurrah going on around me, and everybody getting famous, it would not have been strange if "dis chile" had been swept off his remarkably large feet and enlisted for the war, that is, to people who don't know me. When Spain first demanded war, I didn't know what I should have to give up hunting the gay and festive subscriber and chasing the nimble dollar among the luxurient sand hills and mosquito-infected bogs of the Granite and Pudding stone state, and go out and lick them, but having given my prayerful attention to the subject, those sweet and inspiring words, so often quoted, came to me: "I had rather be a live lion than a dead jackass," and they fitted my case so perfectly, that I decided not to go. It was a

great sacrifice, but I made it. I didn't even enlist in a powder mill. Hence, I am spared.

I make the above explaination so as to render it clear that I did not, under any circumstances, apply to any recruiting station, and was not thrown down on account of being a drunkard or ——— the fortunate possessor of a dependent family.

It occurs to me, that war should never be declared until the men who are liable to be called upon to do the fighting are given a chance to vote upon the question. This method is peculiarly appropriate for a republic, and perhaps, if this method was adopted, arbitration would become more popular than heretofore.

To speak seriously, as I do occasionally, the time is ripe for the use of reason instead of brute force in the settlement of international affairs.

I have been rambling over Rockingham county now for three weeks, and have accumulated quite a number of notes, including promissory and foot notes—the latter taken on foot, of course—that I might spread before the readers of the GAZETTE if space permitted, but I have already used up so much room in explaining why I did not enlist, that I shall have space for little else. It was a mighty interesting subject.

Up near the "Geebig" school house in Newfields lives Uncle Dick Abbott, and he told me a little yarn about a certain Miss Clara Blossom, who had, unfortunately for her, remained too long unplucked. The frosts and suns of fifty years had toyed with her style of beauty and mellowed and ripened it until she had almost given up the customary twilight pastime of looking under the bed for a hypothetical man, when Cap'n Joe Downer began to call on her "reg'lar."

Cap'n Joe called all one winter and along into the succeeding fall, and Miss Blossom began to have hopes that she could have a triumphant "Mrs." on her tombstone,

when suddenly Cap'n Joe, in the course of a protracted spree, kicked the bucket. Heart failure, the accommodating physician called it, and Miss Blossom saw her last hope vanish. But, "any way," she declared, "Cap'n Downer might have had his faults, but he was a good hearted man, and whenever he called on me, he always came drunk, like a perfect gentleman, I don't care what folks say." And so long as Miss Clara was satisfied that he carried the attributes of a gentleman, I don't know as anything further need be said.

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70 WINTER

Nature in all her fastnesses lies dreaming,
Among the hills the deep green woods stand dumb,
The crystal ice has covered lake and river,
Plant life seems dead—its wakening yet to come.

But here and there some hardy woodland creature
Still breaks a trail athwart the deepening snows,
Along the brooks, which gurgle in their casements,
From pool to pool where the sly trout repose.

Anon, the wild wind springs from far north mountains,
Where sits enthroned the monarch of them all,
And sweeps the ridges, where late beech leaves rustle,
Driving fierce storms, when whirling snow-clouds fall,

Gone are the fences, ghostly stand the walls,
Loaded, the roof-tree groans with ice and snow.
The patient cattle, in their stuffy stalls,
Endure the winter willing it should go.

But heaped up larders mitigate our sentence,
The fresh pork sizzles with a savory smell,
Wild deer and coon meat, turkey with the fixings.
Make life worth living—when we're living well.

Moonlight and sleighride 'neath the cold stars glittering,
Warm robes, a maiden and an amorous swain,
Music of sleighbells, all the world is pleasant
When winter holds us in its rough domain.

71 CLAFLIN'S RAMBLE, No. 4

Jacob's Well. Gee Big School House. Sally Ann and the Feather Bed Hobbs of Wolfeboro. J. B. Collins and the Firemen's Muster.

There many things in old Rockingham county that are worthy of mention in these unworthy "rambles." Things which I can do scant justice to in my meteoric flights. There is a delightful locality up in back of Gee Big school house in Newmarket, where the winding road curves over a little hill-top in front of an ancient farm dwelling; "now Jacob's well is there," and it stands close by the road-side with an inviting cup and a cool oaken bucket that dscends into the deep waters, where one's face looks back at him in the strong light of a hot summer noon-tide, "and Jacob (Burley) drank thereof and his children," so I am told.

Speaking of Gee Big school house, reminds me that there are several such in this county, being so named by drivers on the roads who make a "big gee" at these points' or a sharp curve gee-ward—hence the name.

I met a pleasant middle-aged lady near North Salem, who told me a little reminiscence about a maiden aunt of hers, who lived far enough up the state so as not to see the GAZETTE too often, named Sally Ann or something,and she had a great longing for a certain feather bed belonging to the deponent, when she lived in the same quiet village. "Fred and I had just got married," said she, "and gone to keeping house, and I had that feather bed lying in state in the best room, and one day I took a notion to go up home to Vermont and see my mother. Fred was away at work. I had scarcely closed up the house and got out of town, when Sally Ann came over, hunted up the key, where I

had left it and went in. Bime-by out she comes with my identical feather bed slung over her crooked back, and hobbles off home with it, and the neighbors a lookin' through the blinds, took it all in, you bet. Fred never missed a thing, and I was gone a week, but the first thing, when I stepped foot in the house I knew something was wrong, and I wasn't long in finding out what. Over I goes to Mrs. Smith's,and says I, 'was there anyone 'round while I was gone?' and says she, 'only your Aunt Sallie Ann,' says she, ' but don't you say a word about my telling of you,' says she, and says I, 'she took that best feather bed of mine,' says I, 'and she'll fetch it back again or I'll know the reason why,' and with that I put on my bonnet, and down to Squire Abbott's I went, and I told him all about it and he set and chewed a toothpick and looked over towards the horse sheds 'till I got through, and then he looked up and said he, 'Abagail, Sally Ann will have the job o' luggin' that bed right back and puttin' it where she got it, I'm thinkin',' and, by gracious, she had to, but wasn't she mad, though' And she didn't speak to me for more than a year after that."

I sometimes get hold of an agricultural item of value to my readers, and hence mention the fact that Smith A. Rowell of Sandown finds it profitable to use hard wood ashes as dressing for grass land. He received a quantity from Canada in '96 at $11 a ton of a firm that makes a business of dealing in it. He put it on after disposing of a considerable part of the lot to neighbors, at the rate of three tons to the acre. Deducting the amount of hay the land previously was yielding, he has already received six tons extra hay and will get some second crop this season from the use of the ashes, and the effects will continue to be felt for years to come. Mr. Rowell naturally recommends wood ashes to others who have not tried them.

Among my acquaintances at Wolfeboro is Frank P. Hobbs, for years postmaster there, and a hustling business

man. Down at Kingston Plains is a drummer for carriages built there, named Frank Tucker, and somewhat of a hustler himself. One day an order was received from Hobbs of Wolfeboro for a bill of goods, and as he was a new customer, the telephone was called into requisition, and the Wolfeboro postmaster (Hobbs) was inquired of as to the reputation of Hobbs, the stable keeper. Hobbs, the postmaster, modestly replied that as Hobbs the stable keeper were one and the same, perhaps they had better ring up the local bank for further information—and then apologies were in order, but Hobbs would not hear of any. "Business is business," said he, "and every man must look out for his own," which is verily so.

I called on my genial friend, rather our genial friend, for I know he is genial to every one—J. B. Collins of Brentwood Corner, not long since, and found him active and hearty as ever, in spite of more than sixty years—sixty-five years, I think, of active life. One morning in September last, there was to be a gathering of the veteran firemen of Haverhill, Mass., eighteen miles away, at eight o'clock, and Joe, finding the transportation arrangements unhandy, got up at three o'clock and walked the entire distance, training with the boys in the exhibition of the day. At five p. m., the exhibition being over, Joe bid his companions good-bye and proceeded to return to Brentwood the same way he came, ariving about ten o'clock — Tired! Well, Joe does not say for publication just when he got up the next morning, but I doubt if another sixty-five-year-old in Rockingham county could have done it any more gracefully than he did.

72 LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES, No. 5

What the Election did. Mr. Pike's Flint Lock. A Day at Cotton Valley. My "Greek" Roommate.

The year has rolled around again, as it has a habit of doing, and Little Pitchers, Esq., is on deck again. A lot of things have happened to the said Pitchers since last we met, and yet, so far as can be seen, he is but little the worse for wear. It is astonishing how much some people can go through and not show it. A friend of mine had fifty thousand dollars left to him; he went through the whole of it and now he hasn't a cent to show for it, but he has salted a large mess of experience,

The elections, which occurred last week, are generally satisfactory. The republicans are satisfied, because the predicted slump didn't begin to decently bury them, as a well-regulated political landslide would have done. The Democrats are crowing over gains in unexpected places; while Little Pitchers' party put a couple of representatives into the Massachusetts state legislature from the city of Haverhill. Perhaps some one inquires: What in creation is your party, any way? Oh, it is a little party of the workingmen who don't vote for capitalists and capitalists' tools to represent them. They are odd chickens, but they have got some representatives into the legislature of Massachusetts now, and I expect things will begin to hum soon.

When I stopped at John C.Pike's last week the subject of the recent distressful war came up, and John and I aggreed that Uncle Sam would make a mistake if he takes Spain's "Phillipene." I'm afraid Uncle Sam is getting reckless of late, but I hope for the best. Mr. Pike showed

me a little gun, about six feet long, with the old regulation flint lock and primer, brought to Brookfield by his great-great-grandfather—beg pardon, this is a better one than that because the one that the original Pike brought, he swapped with an Indian down in Maine, and of course the Indian got the worst of it, for no Yankee was ever known to let an Indian get the best end of a trade. This gun, in the hands of successive generations of Pikes, attended most of the turkey-shoots for miles around, 'till its reputation for destructiveness became so great, that it was ruled out. It is still destructive, but has become too much of a kicker to suit the modern sportsman. Mr. Pike also showed me an ancient surveyor's compass, made and used by Judge Whitehouse of Farmington, who laid out the railroad through this section of the country. It was a remarkably accurate instrument, as were all those made by Judge Whitehouse.

My day at Cotton Valley was enlivened by the first snow storm of the season. The day previous had been one of those elegant autumnal days whose tomorrow is so delightfully uncertain. In company with ex-representative W. A. Bixby, I started out to make the round in a fine snow fall, which increased in violence until our last call, away upon Cotton mountain,were the wind blew a hurricane laden with loads of cutting snow. It was a distinct relief when the train took us in for the six miles to Wolfeboro. At South Wolfeboro, the day I was there, was solemnized by the burial of an aged widow in Israel, named Deland, nearly ninety-one years old. The service was conducted by Elder Wiggin of Mirror Lake, who preached here many years during his active ministry. He is in his seventy-third year now, I believe. The thing of most importance at South Wolfeboro is the starting up of the Springfield woolen mill, that has been shut down for months owing to the wave of prosperity that has been gladdening the land. The scoffer can't say now that the only mill we've started is the "mill" with Spain. No, siree !

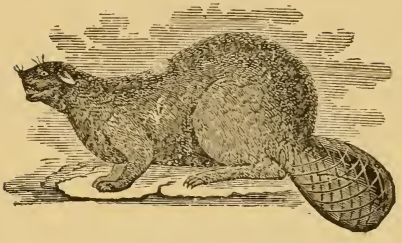
In the hotel where I stopped recently in the back bay district, I was informed, on retiring, that another guest would occupy the room with me—a Greek from ancient Athens, or somewhere in that neighborhood, who was attracted by the high wages paid in running a ten-men's-labor-saving machine by that magnanimous firm of philanthropists, Spaulding & Swett, and had come over here to make a living. At first I thought I wouldn't sleep with the pesky foreigner, that was skinning American labor, in spite of all Spaulding & Swett could do, but then I thought better of it, and when, later on, a guest came into the room and poked around for the light, I concluded it was he, and explained my presence in the room, but it proved to be a Yankee from Drake's Corner, who, by way of explaination told me, that the Indian I had seen in the kitchen with his little, black-eyed dusky-hued boy was waiting for him to come down and pay him for sawing a cord of wood, and he was waiting for the Indian to get tired of waiting and go off, hence the intrusion. This gave rise to a flood of reflections, the subject of which was, that the Indian was entirely out of character in sawing up that wood, and the white man was living up to his traditions in withholding pay for same. Indians, Spaniards and niggers are entitled to what they can get in a free country.

73 FUR-WEARERS' CONVENTION

They had a big meet
Of the fur-wearing tribe,
It occurred near the "Bear Camp"
A little this side.
Old bruin presided
And stated the aim
Of the fur wearers' union
Was protection of game.
He averred 'twas a crime
That ought to be stopped
To badger poor rabbits
Wherever they hopped.
That dogs were a nuisance
(To that I agree)
Guns, traps and the like
All abolished should be.
There's the mink and the muskrat,
The fox and the deer,
All dodging rude hunters,
All hiding in fear.
Then up spoke the hedgehog,
All bristling like sin,
His quills standing straight
As a fish's back fin,
"I wish you'd explain
Why a harmless four-legger,
Like me should be hunted
And chased like a begger?
Time was when I nibbled
The old apple tree,
In peace and contentment,
Fearless and care free.
They don't want my 'hair'
And they don't want my hide,
I've nothing that's useful
Either in or outside.
But they dog me by day,
And they trap me by night,
They hang on my trail

And they shoot me on sight.
Whatever their object
I leave it to you,
Now what is a poor
Harmless hedgehog to do?"
Up spoke the fleet deer
That lives by the sea,
Where a law all the year
Protects, him, you see:
"What you want, brother hodgehog,
Is friends of some note
Who will stand by your interests
By voice and by vote.
Get a law passed at Concord
And rivited strong
That quills on 'game' hedgehogs
Must be ten inches long.
Whoever shoots hedgehogs
Under thirteen years old
Must pay to the warden
Ten dollars in gold.
That in towns of one thousand
Less than seventeen miles square
One hog may be shot
For each ten that are there.
No mistake can be made
Between hedgehog and coon,
And the game must be bagged
On the full of the moon.
Whoever the law does break or crack,
Should be fined fifty dollars
And put on the rack.
If you think such a law
Our wise Solons won't pass
You never have studied
The curves of their class.
If the whip swing with vigor
They all fall in line
A few set the measure,
The others keep time.
Asleep at their benches,
They all could be 'strung'
To vote for a law
That would have them all hung!"

The fur-wearers' union,
Im' sorry to state,
Has gone and disbanded,
They're left to their fate.
Like others I know of
Who just let her whiz,
They leave politics to others,
In "minding their biz."
And I wouldn't feel sorry
If the time should arrive,
When the hunters of quarry
Should skin them alive.



A FUR WEARER

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74 LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES, No. 6

The Silent Majority and the Spiel of the Dreamy Boarder. Goods marked too high to steal.

Well, brethren, Little Pitchers has been trudging up and down the country-side from Dan to Beersheba, and from Wolfeboro Falls to Ossipee Pocket, during the past week, and as usual, his big ears have heard much — more than I can remember.

At Dimond's corner I became aware that my old friend Langley was no more, while one or two more, whom I met last year, had passed to the silent majority. How that ma-

jority is growing! We got to speaking about this subject over to the boarding house the other day, and the dreamy looking boarder from Boston remarked that we were continually passing from life to death, and from death to life again.

"Huh," said Mr. Meacham interogatively, "you mean to say that dead folks come back again?"

"I certainly do, Mr. Meacham," said the dreamy one with great emphasis for him. "Now, I have known men who have been on this earth no less than from eighty to one hundred times, and also on other planets, such as Jupiter, Saturn, Mars and others that our scientists have not yet discovered. Of course, they cannot always remember just who they were during their former incarnations, but they remember enough to prove the genuineness of their assertions.

Dreamy stopped and Mr. Meacham remarked that he "didn't doubt that their assertions were genuine enough, as that was all their was to 'em, any way."

Dreamy, without appearing to notice the interruption, went on. "Now I, myself, was living here away back in the days of Pharo' Necho, and I was one of the attendants at court when that Hebrew, Moses, came before the king and demanded of him to let the Israelites go. It was a wonderful scene, and calculated to cause one's hair to stand on end, when Moses threw down his staff and it became a squirming serpent. I tell you the old king couldn't stand everything, and when the plagues of flies, frogs and grasshoppers, snakes and death, ten of them, I think, had come, and Moses still held the whiphand high ready to strike again, Pharo' was glad to give in. Yes, I was drowned in the Red sea that time clinging to Pharo's chariot wheel. Another time I was private secretary to Ghangis Kahn when he broke into Europe and carried everything before him. Those were horrible times, sure enough. I have been incarnated as a female seven times in all. Once

I was a Greek slave girl, and that time I was killed because I refused to yield to the lust of an Athenian despot. The last time I remember very distinctly of being on earth, was during the Salem witch persecutions about two hundred years ago. I had unfortunately lived a maiden life, and becomming old and bent, and somewhat broken in mind and health, the town authorities, who feared that I might cost them something, preferred charges against me as a witch, and Cotton Mather and his precious flock of guardian angels swore they had seen me soaring over Salem hill on a broomstick and wearing a peeked bonnet night after night. Farmers were positive that their cows gave bloody milk because of my nightly incantations, and Mistress Dunnington, the doctor's wife, swore against me that she knew I was responsible for an epidemic of the mumps, and another of canker rash that had gone through the community. I remember now how I felt when they tied me to a stake in the yard of execution, and the people gathered around us as near as the beadle would let them, with awe-stricken faces, while old Cotton Mather very cheerfully commended me to the devil. It was quite a roast I got that time. Will you please pass the turnips, Mrs. Meacham?"

Mr. Jordan, who is working on the ice house over at Dundee, had been staring at Dreamy with eyes and mouth wide open, forgetting to fill the latter and go on chewing as a christian should, and now he nudged Mr. Meacham and whispered audibly, "D'ye believe that is all so that he's givin' us?" But before Mr. Meacham could reply, Dreamy broke out again.

"Now there are many folks who are unaware that these things are true. You will be surprised when I tell you that our benign landlady, Mrs. Meacham, is none other than the famous Queen of Sheba, who visited King Solomon with a vast retinue and a million dollars worth of presents. I recognized her as soon as I set eyes on her. You see I was there as a representative of the school of the prophets located up near Mount Ephraim, and——"

"Taint no sech thing," put in Mrs. Meacham, "my folks is good respectable people from Nova Scotia, an' they always lived there to a place called Milliken's Bend, and if I aint mightily mistaken, Mr. Philosopist, or whatever you call yourself, you're that good-for-nothing Jim Smead that went off to Boston to learn dentistry 'cause you and hard work never could agree. Greek girl, indeed! Don't I remember when you tried to elope with Jim Davis' wife, and the men folks formed a posse for to run ye out of town?"

At this point Smead (if that was his name) arose with an air of great dignity and got out of the circle surrounding the board, while Mr. Meacham closed the incident by saying that in his opinion "It is better not to know so darned much, than to know so much that aint so."

I like to see a man who frankly admits that, so far as he has any pcsitive knowledge, this is his first and only appearance upon the globe on which we live.

At East Wakefield Depot I met an old gentleman well known to many of your readers, James W. Hill, who refered to an item in Little Pitchers' notes of two years ago, relating to an ancient document posted in E. P. Allen's hotel at Ossipee, being a reward offered for the arrest of one Paul, who broke into a store at Ossipee and stole sundry and certain goods and made of with them. At the time I asked if any one knew the sequel, and Mr. Hill informed me that he was present at the trial of the thief at Wakefield Corner, as he was speedily captured and convicted. Mr. Paul threw himself on the mercy of the court, and explained that the reason he didn't take any more goods was, they were marked so high he didn't believe he could sell them!

But there are new traders at Ossipee Corner now.

75

FROM BOW HILLS

Looking down the Merrimack Valley upon a hazy August day, in 1890,

I saw, but yesterday, in the misty distance,
A brick-built city lying 'neath the sun,
So still, no sound against the air's resistance
Was flung to me from out its ceaseles hum.

Weird clouds were drifting in the air of August
Athwart the valley from far Francestown;
And in the north, beyond the "smiling water,"
The white hills loomed like ghosts, my vision's bound.

This piece of earth, this vale in fair New Hampshire,
Lay like a picture in a sky-girt frame;
I thanked my God for the sweet gift of seeing
A vale so beautiful of all His grand domain.

I thanked Him; then, from higher hills of Beulah
God raised my vision to a city fair.
A heavenly city, but filmy clouds were drifting;
I only glimpsed the glories waiting there.

76 LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES, No. 7

The young man and the squirrel. Steve Jenness, the wrestler. Roland Park. Friend Thurston and his yarns on how to gain credit. Uncle Joe and his cheap house.

After a nice warm breakfast at the hospitable private boarding house at Sanbornville, where I spent Sunday, I walked down the track a quarter of a mile and climbed into the freight buggy. I found there, among others, an elderly gent from Rochester who owns a large apple orchard and hay farm up among the Ossipee mountains, and he proved to be quite a prize to destroy the tediousness of a passage by freight. Among the stories he told was one of a young man who was up in Tamworth visiting his uncle, and one day got a gray squirrel treed out back of the barn and had tried twice to knock the animal out with his uncle's old queen's arm, but without success. Just then the old gent himself appeared and said "Let yer old uncle show ye how to do it." And he proceeded deliberately and with shaky hands to load and prime the gun and then raised it slowly and with with many tremulous jerks to a level with his eye. The muzzle wabbled fearfully, but some how or other, the squirrel was blown plumb out of the tree. "Thar," said the old man exultingly, "didn't I tell ye, I'd show ye how to do it?" "Oh, well, uncle," said the young man disgustedly, "you couldn't help doing it, you shot all over the tree."

Among the others in the buggy was Stephen Jenness, who thirty years ago lived in Tamworth and enjoyed a reputation as a wrestler (which hangs to him still), but there was one, Rosco Greene, who thought his reputation was undeserved, and one town meeting day he and his friends, who

had put up some money on the result, proceeded to nag Steve to wrestle. Steve wasn't feeling like wrestling and held off for some time, but nothing would satisfy Greene but a trial of strength. "We took back holt," said Mr. Jenness, "and a minute or two afterwards Greene came down heavily on his neck and shoulders on the ice and snow, and when they picked him up his shoulder was broken. The worst of it was, the fellows who were backing him up left him to get out of it the best way he could, and I went and got a doctor for him. He was well satisfied that he had got enough, and no one blamed me in the least." Such bouts were more common at town meetings then than now.

Our Rochester friend told about two fellows out fishing on Dan Hole pond, or some other old hole, when the boat capsized and the two fellows went in. Parties on the shore started to the rescue, when a wild-eyed man came running down the hill shouting, "Save the red headed man! Save the red headed man!" After both had been duly saved some one with a bump of curiosity inquired of the anxious man why he specially wanted the red headed man saved. "Oh, nothing special." "Yes, but you must have had some reason," it was pressed. "Well, you see, the red headed man owed me a dollar and eighty cents."

From Moultonville I went out to Roland Park, established about three years ago, overlooking the Dan Hole ponds, the vale of Canaan, and just at the foot of the grand old Ossipee mountains, around which I made my way during the week. Considerable improvements have already been made and more are under way here.

Thankgiving day found me at Bearcamp pond, where Edmund Vitum accommodates fishing parties during the summer. Mr. Vitum took me over to Tamworth and about noon I happened in on B. F. Abbott near the foot of Chocorua and found a fine Thanksgiving dinner waiting for me, part of which—the cranberries—came from the top of Chocorua, where they grow small but of a delicious flavor.

My friend Thurston, who sells the Waterville, Me., make of stoves, and has put out ten thousand dollars' worth in this vicinity in two years, told me of an old gentleman named John Reed, who lived on a farm a few miles out from Damariscotta, Me., whose credit was not any better than the law allows, where he was best known. The old chap went into a harness shop in Damariscotta one day and insisted that he had bought a halter there two years before, for which he got trusted, and he had now come in to pay for it. A diligent search of the books failed to bring the item to light. "Well, I certainly had it," insisted the old man, "and it was a good one, too, and I want to pay for it. I do, indeed." "Very well, sir," said the man, "if you insist that you had it, you may pay me for it, of course, but this is unusual, sir, I must confess." The very honest Mr. Reed paid and departed, but in about two weeks he showed up again.

"I want a pair of your best harnesses," he said, "and I will pay for them in about thirty days, as I haven't the money to pay down. I want to introduce your work up my way, you see, I'm the man that paid ye for that halter, you remember." The harness maker was highly flattered and sat up night and day to make that set of harnesses that was to introduce his work "up the river." John was delighted with the harnesses and took them away with many protestations of the work they would bring the maker. But he naver came back to pay for them, although several years have elapsed since the thirty days expired.

When our Rochester friend lived up in the mountains on his farm, there was a certain denizen of the valley west of Bearcamp, named Uncle Joe, who was constantly telling how cheap he built his house. "I went out to see his place," said our friend, "partly out of curiosity, and partly to bud some apple trees. It was a kind of a dug-out with posts drove into the ground, boarded along each side and the spaces between filled with boughs, straw and wild grass,

covered over the top with split shingles. It was indeed a cheap house, but Uncle Joe was evidently very well satisfied with it. He told me, however, that he would like to swap wives with me. He said, 'I know my old woman ain't quite equal to yours, squire, but perhaps we can trade some way.' 'Name your figures, Uncle Joe,' said I, in a brisk, business way. 'Wal, squire, I'll gin ye twenty dollars and a pig to boot.' 'I'll do it, Uncle Joe, on this condition, you must make the change.' 'That's the devil on't,' remarked Uncle Joe doubtfully, and the change was never made."

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77 LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES, No. 8

Deer Stories and Bear Yarns. The Missing Road Agent. Pork Barrels and Pig Stories.

While sitting in the pleasant office of E. D. Whitehouse's comfortable hostlery at West Ossipee one evening late in November, and listening to the howling of old Boreas who seems to have a special grudge against this section of the Bearcamp valley, deer stories and bear yarns were in order. Doc. Lord had one about three city young men, college chums, I presume, and three or four young men of this vicinity. The company struck into the mountains, and before separating agreed that a certain number of whistles should indicate various specified things, while a continuous and constant whistling meant extreme danger. "We separated," said the doctor, "and had scattered through the woods along the mountains, with the city boys well together working up a ravine to the left of the rest of us, when suddenly we heard a most terrific whistling and uproar in their direction. We soon joined and started in a body to the res-

cue. Coming up the hollow we found the three valiant sportsmen up three separate trees, with their guns scattered on the ground below. One fellow, in his haste to reach a tree he could climb, dove between two large trees and broke his gun-stock short off by getting caught between the trees. We learned from the excited sportsmen that an immense bear was lurking in the neighborhood, and upon investigation, we found where bruin had been hunting ants in an old stump, and following the track left in his precipitous retreat, we discovered a very scared and very harmless fifty-pound cub.

Over at Madison Corner deer are so thick that one was shot there on the morning of December third by Lester Ambrose from his bedroom window. Its live weight was one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Over the telephone at Centerville it was learned that three fine buck deer were shot at Huntress' Bridge, East Freedom, last Saturday, and one was also brought in from Ossipee mountains the same day. The heavy snow has made fine sport for the deer hunters.

Speaking about snow, reminds me that the day I toiled over through the woods from Duncan Lake to Pineriver ahead of the road breakers was something tedious. I came into a clearing and made inquiries as to the prospect of the road agent being out with his merry men. "Road agent's dead," replied the citizen, and my horrible suspicion was confirmed. No one else felt called upon to move in the matter, and so I had to. Thirty hours after the great snow storm the snow lay on Pine river plains unvexed by ought save Little Pitchers' irregular trail. But when we reached Effingham, it was different. Effingham has laid in a stock of road snow rollers, five of them, which will cover all the roads in the town and insure as good roads as any town in the state can boast of. They were built by Charles Parsons of Effingham Falls.

Every one has heard of the cider barrel that had been in the family for over a hundred years, of which the bung

hole was the entire relic of the original barrel. Well, M.C. Allard of East Madison has a pork barrel that was made not less than one hundred and four years ago, and has been in use ever since, the only change being new hoops, and the ends of the staves smoothed down after depredations by a lawless rodent a few years ago.

Speaking of pork barrels, reminds me that some one gave me a pig story last week, but whether the pig dressed seven hundred pounds at four months old, or was undressed at four hundred pounds when seven months old, I'm blamed if I can just tell. Any way, I think the figures are right, and our readers can arrange them to suit themselves. It was a man named Smith that owned the pig, and I owe him an apology for not having attended to the matter before.

I attended the assassination of a quiet, gentle piglet one day last week, and had prepared an appropriate obituary notice, containing the salient facts regarding his age, pedigree and weight in society, but the gentleman who conducted the ceremony was so pronounced in his opposition to any sort of publicity, that we desist. Hereafter, if that man paints his hen house, shingles his barn, or adds three much needed lights of glass to his upper left hand shed window, we shall pass it by with supreme indifference. A man that has so little appreciation of the herculean labors of the rural press can't get any free advertising from us when he wants to run for road agent, or casts an aspiring eye towards a seat in the legislature. I tell ye!

78 SONG OF SERVICE

There is a hymn my lips have never sung,
I know not whence it came or how it come;
But through my being like a harp's soft ringing
Its music steals, my soul is ever singing!

It has a measure sweet, beyond comparing,
Its rythme my soul is always upward bearing,
This hymn was born when love at first possessed me,
Rising with love's calm tide, it hourly blessed me.

Its theme is Jesus, humane, just and holy,
A son of God, yet son of man as truly,
A perfect song because a perfect theme,
Real benediction, peace is not a dream!

Gold cannot buy this melody of song,
'Tis *given* to all to whom it may belong.
Force cannot take it, nor can the crafty steal
The peace of God—the joy that angels feel!

It comes of service, daily gladly given,
Of duties done, as they are done in heaven;
Each, in his place, performing well his part,
This love song swells in every willing heart.

79 LITTLE PITCHERS' NOTES, No. 9

The Nomadic Yankee. Abram Sanborn of Dan Hole Pond.

As usual, or at least following the program of one year ago, I passed through Maplewood and West Newfield in a snow storm, and arrived at W. H. Parks' on Acton Ridge very glad to find a comfortable shelter for the night. Some

steam saw mills have been put into the woods in the latter named vicinity, and I found two of three families here whom I have met before down in Rockingham county. Like the foreign pauper laborer, they follow their job, and when through in one locality, they pull up stakes and go to another. Or, to use another illustration, they much resemble a Methodist minister's family, who have no steady abiding place. Indeed, Yankees are almost nomadic in their habit of moving.

I decided, on account of the storm, to take Horn's Mills by a flank movement, and proceeding to Union by the Shapleigh stage and rail, I met most of the PIONEER'S old friends and secured many new ones, and also at Milton Mills which I next visited.

The industries at Union were all running, and there appeared to be a better feeling both here and at Milton Mills than one year ago, though at the latter place the Waumbeck mills have been burned in the meantime, and the resources for employment probably permanently reduced by so much. I called upon our mutual friend, Abram Sanborn, at Milton Mills. A fisherman bold is he, as ever stood in his fishing smack, out on the billowy sea. His stamping ground in the Ossipees, of which he is alwas fond, with a boat and crew of fishermen true, is over at Dan Hole pond. And what he forgets about these trout, is more than some men ever find out, really isn't really worth talking about. Mr. Sanborn discanted at length on the beauties of the square-tailed denizens of the Dan Holes, and gave me a graphic description of the exciting chase and capture of a "great fish" weighing over seven pounds, which he and a greenhorn captured there, the pattern of which, square tail and all, he triumphantly showed me to clinch the argument. No magnifying fish lens photographs for your Uncle Abram. A pattern is a pattern with the victim's life blood dried upon it, and what more do you want. I don't believe that Jonah swallowed the whale—I never did—but I do believe that Mr. Sanborn caught that great

fish, because I saw the pattern of it. It was over 25 inches long and 14 inches around it.

Mr. Sanborn also showed me a ballot which he secured in the Virginia campaign when Grant was crushing the rebellion, along in the latter part of the Civil war, the top of which I will quote to refresh the minds of the class in history: "Confederate States Ticket. Election Wednesday, November 6, 1861. For President, Jefferson Davis of Mississippi. For Vice-President, Alexander H. Stevens of Georgia. For Congress, Thomas S. Brock." Probably not another one of these mementoes is in existence in New Hampshire, and Mr. Sanborn prizes it accordingly.

Passing down through Milton three ponds I found the ice covered with busy workmen with more than a score of teams, I should say, and as many scrapers, clearing off the snow preparatory to the cutting of the winter's stock of ice. The ice at the time was about six inches thick. This industry will provide employment for hundreds of men many weeks this winter. The industries of Milton are all in motion, I believe, and the same at Rochester, where the displays of holiday goods are a prominent feature at this season of the year.

And now, wishing you all a merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year, I remain,

The same old chip,

LITTLE PITCHERS.

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80 TO MATHEW HARVEY OF EPPING, N. H.

I sat beside his winter fire
And listened to the old man's lyre,
(He played on many strings;)
And wished that when my life has found
Its near or far off sunset bound,
I could say as graceful things.

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